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THE CHURCH AND THE AGE.

There is always a presumption against a change. This is a principle in logic, but it is drawn from life. There is a natural tendency in every thing to seek a groove, or rut. There is a disposition with men in communities to keep on in the ways to which they have been accustomed. With no disturbing element, or without the pressure of necessity, there would be no advance, no improvement. This is witnessed in the case of communities most remote from the busy centres of the world. The inhabitants not only keep on in the ways of their fathers and grandfathers, but they have no desire for any others. For them, better ways are no inducement. The fact that they are new, condemns them.

But this describes a community in repose. Roads are not made, inventions are not encouraged, and the only growth is the slow expansion of a lethargic body. But excite men's greed or ambition, or place before them some worthy end, and at once energy and activity are aroused, and lethargy is gone. Enterprise is pushing in every direction; there are experiments, and failures and successes, defeats and triumphs. But the great body is moving on, and accomplishing the mission to which God appointed it.

Must all the world move, and the Church alone stand still? Must the community stir with life and activity, and the Church alone be chilled and torpid? Of one thing we may be sure: If, in an age of enterprise, vigor, and improvement, the Church fails to partake of the spirit of the times, she will be left behind. Men will throw themselves into that which gives scope for their capabilities. They can have no sympathy for, or interest in, that which does nothing, and will permit nothing to be done.

Build a church as they used to build half and three-quarters of a century ago—cold and cheerless within, and barn-like without; reinstate the old ways of services, on Sundays only, and in Lent once a week; have no weekly offertory, and none on Communion occasions, except for the communicants, after the congregation have been dismissed; let the preaching be of doctrinal themes, in which the age feels no interest, or of the veriest commonplaces of morals and piety; let there be no outlying missionary work, and no interest awakened in our general missionary work: such a church might barely exist in a community which modern progress has left behind; where the people frown upon all enterprises, oppose public improvement; where in social and civil matters ideas have undergone no change for fifty or a hundred years. But place such a church in a community vigorous with modern life and enterprise, and those of the congregation who are engaged in the affairs and business of an active age, would shun it. It would be a

harbor for old hulks, which would crumble to pieces under any attempt to remove them.

But not only does the age demand activity; it is but reasonable and proper that the Church, in the manner of doing her work, should be in sympathy with the thought and culture of the times. The preachers of this generation hardly claim to produce abler sermons than those of Barrow and Hooker, and others of two hundred years ago. But these sermons could not be preached to edification now. Not that they are not as able as ever they were; but in style, thought, and theme, they are out of date. No sensible clergyman would for a moment hesitate to acknowledge the duty and necessity of throwing aside old models, and adapting his preaching to the people of to-day, if he would gain their hearing and their convictions. And what is said of preaching may be said of all things pertaining to the Church. The culture of the age demands a style of architecture and a degree of ornamentation in advance of those of our fathers. We favor an improvement in the music of the Church, as the better musical taste of the day demands. In other matters there are changes in accordance with the condition of the age. And where such modifications involve no innovation in respect to doctrines or principle, it is not true conservatism, but stupid obstinacy, to oppose them.

But here we are met by prejudice or timidity, which, instead of asking "Is such an improvement desirable, or demanded?" only asks "Will it not be like something done by those with whom we are at variance on certain points?" This was the spirit that opposed the introduction of chanting in our American Church, the wearing of the surplice, the cross on our spires, stained-glass windows, the removing of the pulpit from its three-decked eminence to its position away from the front of the chancel. There is not one of these changes that was not vigorously and violently opposed, on the ground that it was Romish. But these and other alterations have been made, and the Church lives and thrives, and finds herself in sympathy with those to whom she was commissioned to minister.

But had these involved, as it was by some supposed they did, a departure from the doctrines or the principles of the Church, no success or prosperity would have followed their introduction. There may still be other changes and improvements proposed and attempted, which may be assailed by the same outcry as were those which are now generally adopten and approved. The opposition and the outcry will be just and most righteous, if the matters suggested impugn the faith of the Church. But that conservatism which would keep the Church motionless or sluggish, while the world advances and improves, is the conservatism of senility.

The world studies and thinks and discovers, and all results will be laid at the feet of the Church, provided the world be made to feel her presence as a spiritual mother smiling upon and encouraging, as well as checking and rebuking, her children.

In achieving her present degree of advancement, the Church has fought many a battle with foes without, and endured no little dissension within. But the questions with which she had to deal then, are mostly dead issues now. Old men meeting together may recall them as interesting reminiscences, but they are not questions of concern with the present. Our work

is before us, and new conditions demand the active coöperation of experience, as well as its counsels.

The Church must keep abreast with modern thought and culture. For as the faith she holds is from God, and therefore must be true, she need not fear the discoveries of philosophy and science; and as that she has which is not of the faith, is but the form and texture of her garments, these she can modify according to the culture and circumstances of the day, and the field of her labors. While the wisdom of the future will be found in heeding the lessons of the past, our duties are not behind, but before, us.

NO CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT CHRIST.

A writer, interpreting the words of St. Paul in reference to Moses, that he esteemed "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt," remarks:

There were Christians before Christ. There are Christians where the name of Christ has never been named. . . . It is a great thing to remember how old Christianity is; that it is as old as Moses, nay, as old as man. Every true and noble life that was ever lived in this world, no matter where or when or how, was Christian. Every noble deed that was ever done since time began was Christian. Above all, every hour of suffering that was endured in the way of duty to God and man, was Christian.

Whatever this writer may have intended, such language in the mouths of some persons expresses a view somewhat prevalent. It counts belief nothing, submission to ordinances nothing, and values only that spirit and temper which shone through all the Saviour's career, and appeared in that of Moses; but never so conspicuously as when he renounced the pleasures and honors of Egypt's royal court, and chose to suffer affliction with his own oppressed brethren. The theory is that Christ came to inculcate certain principles, which when exhibited in certain circumstances, are noble, self-sacrificing, and heroic. But if, under conditions of sore trial, traits of character, founded upon these principles, are exhibited, this makes one a Christian.

But this is reasoning by a reversed process. Certain acts under certain circumstances are noble and sublime in themselves. But Christ was the perfect Man, and hence there is not one in all the list of pure, noble, self-sacrificing, and disinterested traits, that did not constantly shine in His life. Consequently, when we mark the exhibition of these in any great hero, patriot, or philanthropist, we can say this is Christ-like. And when one endures, for the sake of the right and the true, such evils and such reproach as Moses preferred to the honors and pleasures of the court of kings, we can compare the act to Christ's self-sacrifice and say he "endured the reproach of Christ." But this is a very different thing from saying of any person who rises above his fellows in the possession of some noble trait of character that he has no need of faith in Christ, no need of a Bible, of the Church, or the sacraments—he is a Christian without them.

Here are two Russian proverbs:—The first teaches trust in Providence:

"With God go over the sea;
Without God go not over the threshold."

The second is against forming distant plans—

"His thoughts are over the mountains,
But death is behind his shoulder."

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

THE SLEEPING SKEPTIC OF HEISTERBACK.

BY MARY R. HIGHAM.

Many and many long years ago,
In the midst of Siebengebergen snow,
Half way down the wild mountain track,
Stood the convent old of the Heisterback.

Stern and gray did the convent stand,
A sentinel guarding the sunny land,
While back on the far horizon's verge
Melted the mountains, surge on surge.

And the bell aloft in the turret swung
For matin and vespers its silver tongue:
While out from the cloistered recesses dim
Floated many a quaint old hymn.

Here in this convent old and gray,
Aloysius dwelt, so the legends say.
In his gloomy cell with a throbbing brain
He read the Scripture again and again.

Dull were his ears that he did not hear
The words which others could make so clear;
Blind were the eyes that would not see,
And the words of God were a mystery.

When from the Holy Book he read
These were the words he ever said,
How could "one day" with his Maker be
"As a thousand years?"—this he could not see.

One eve as he wandered in the glade
Of the forest, cool and dark with shade,
He prayed that God would reward his quest,
And give to his weary servant rest.

Afar he could hear the convent bell
Telling the hour with silvery knell,
But still o'er the beads his fingers strayed,
As he knelt alone in the wood and prayed.

Slowly and soft fell the Summer night,
Dimmer and dimmer the old monk's sight,
Fainter and farther the sweet chimes seemed,
Till he heard them ringing as one who dreamed.

And he fell asleep, while the shadows gray
Folded him softly from sight away;
Wrapt in a dreamless sleep profound,
While the mighty cycles of time rolled round.

Still in the heart of Siebengebirge
Sounded the chant and prayer and dirge,
And up on the hillsides, stepping slow,
Bare footed friars walked to and fro.

And requiem masses and prayers were said
For Brother Aloysius, mourned as dead;
Till like the close of a long, long day,
Abbot and priests all passed away.

Once as the chimes in the turret tolled,
Down through the wood as it refluent rolled,
The sound at last on his dull ear broke,
From his death-like sleep the old monk awoke.

He could see far off in the growing night
The convent windows ablaze with light;
And the bells aloft swung with steady chime,
Just as it used in the olden time.

And when he knocked at the ponderous door,
Slowly it opened as heretofore;
But in the shadows, lengthened and dim,
The face of the warden looked strange to him.

With sudden foreboding and half afraid,
On to the chapel the skeptic strayed;
Through the open door, with a new surprise,
Looked at the vision which met his eyes.

High above rose an arching roof,
Golden the stars in the azure woof,
While over the altar with upraised hands,
A pictured Christ in His glory stands.

And tapers of wax, that were burning dim,
Fell on gilded shrine and on seraphim;
And censers were swinging to and fro,
And invocations were chanted low.

And the organ notes as they rolled along,
Bore up a wonderful flood of song;
The self same words that he used to say,
As he droned the prayers in the Rosary!

Alone he stood with a throbbing heart,
In his home he no longer had place or part;
And his faded cheek wore the first impress
Of his soul's awakening consciousness.

He let the beads from his clasped hands fall
Crying "Jesu forgive! We are sinners all!"
On the marble floor he bowed his head,
Calling his brethren who long were dead.

Speaking as if they were living men,
Abbot and priest and friar again;
While the monks around wondering silence kept
As Aloysius lifted his voice and wept.

The snows of many a Winter had shed
Its hoary frosts on the tonsured head;
And the spare, coarse garments the stranger wore,
Were fashioned in centuries long before.

But when he called on his abbot old,
Some one remembered a tale that was told,
Of a learned monk in that abbot's day,
Strangely and suddenly passing away.

"I am that brother," the old monk said,
"I am Aloysius mourned as dead;
God hath answered my prayers and tears,—
One day in His sight is as many years."

And again he cried "My God, forgive,
Only in Thee can I move and live";
Bowing before Him on bended knee,
"For Life in Death hast Thou given to me."

. . . . . .

Still on the giddy mountain's verge,
Towers the crest of Siebengebirge,
And the ruined convent can yet be seen,
Lying far down on the hillside green.

But the legend quaint of a bygone time,
Still haunts the mountain in song and rhyme;
While in the forest, grim and black,
Stalks the shadowy ghost of the Heisterback.

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SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

A Conversation with a Parishioner.

An esteemed parishioner had been reading some works of modern scientists. With perhaps a little of that pride which exhibits itself in a wish to be thought independent, he was truly honest in his desire to know the truth. When, therefore, his faith had become somewhat disturbed, he was really in distress of mind, fearing that he might be led to give up his belief in the Bible. As an honest man should do under such circumstances, he came to his pastor, and opened his difficulties. He is still a devout communicant of the Church, and as my reasoning with him may have been blessed in holding him to the faith, I give here the substance of the conversation :

'So you are perfectly satisfied that science is in conflict with Scripture—are you ? '

' Perfectly.'

'And, in consequence, you feel your faith in Scripture wavering somewhat ? '

' I fear I must confess that I do.'

' Suppose,' I replied, ' that I should assert that truth is variable ; that what was true in the days of Moses is not true to-day ; that the account, for example, which Moses gave of the creation, the flood, the dispersion of the nations, &c., was perfectly true at the time he wrote, but is as false to-day as it was true then ? '

With a look of surprise and astonishment, changing afterwards into a smile, he said

'I beg pardon, but I should think that you did not mean what you said ; that you were propounding some absurd hypothesis, for the purpose of illustrating something else.'

'I understand you, then, to hold that a matter of fact remains a matter of fact all the time ; that what is true once is true always, and cannot change ? '

' Certainly.'

'Allow me, then, to ask,' said I, ' how is it with science ? Is it to-day what it was twenty-five, fifty, or one hundred years ago ? Are what geology, for example, at either of those periods, positively propounded as facts, acknowledged by scientists to be facts to-day ? Are not many of them met by the point-blank contradictions of to-day's investigations ? Is not this, in fact, the boast of science, that it is in pursuit of truth ? that in such pursuit it hesitates not to admit as true what it discovers to-day, and sets that aside as false if some new discovery to-morrow should require it ? in short, you must acknowledge that the so-called facts of science are to-day at variance with those asserted fifty years ago ; and in all probability, the facts of fifty years hence will contradict those of to-day ? '

' Science, I admit, is progressive."

' Very well, then,' said I. ' Now let us suppose a scientist of fifty years ago to have found the geology of his day contradicting Scripture. What then ? If it proved the Bible record false then, it does not follow that there would be a conflict fifty years afterwards. And if science to-day conflicts with Scripture, how do I know that there will be any discord fifty years hence ? But as you have already admitted science is progressive, then I contend that if science contradicts the Bible, that is one evidence of the truth of the latter ; or rather, it is one of

the conditions of its being true. For that cannot be true which accords with what is utterly destitute of one essential element of truth—permanency, unchangeableness; otherwise the Bible might be true in one generation, and false in another. When, then, you show me that the Bible *agrees* with a *constantly-changing science*, you show me that the Bible is false. If it is true, it will agree with science when science ceases to be progressive, and is able to prove its announcements infallibly true.'

I could not help a feeling of intense gratification as I perceived the interest with which these remarks of mine were listened to. I felt that I had gained one point by proving that it was not unreasonable to demand that judgment should not be pronounced against a statement of Scripture merely on account of a contradiction in other quarters. I also hoped that I had prepared the way for another remark which I felt might be of service.

'It is my rule,' said I, 'never to fear to face a *truth*, come from what quarter it may. The remark of Coleridge you may have heard quoted before: "He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth, will proceed by loving his own sect, or Church, better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all."* We receive Christianity because it is truth; and being such, no other truth can possibly conflict with it. Let us cease, then, to talk about the conflict of religion and science. St. Paul never feared that. What he did caution Christians against was the opposition of science falsely so-called.'

Here my friend broke in: 'This is precisely what scientists contend for, Doctor. And you cannot deny that many of them, following that rule, have been led to reject Christianity.'

'What you assert so positively,' I replied, 'I deny point-blank. I do not see how I could be a believer myself, if I supposed that any person, by following the truth, fearless of consequences, had been led into infidelity.'

He saw the point at once. 'Of course I mean,' said he, 'what they honestly believe to be the truth.'

'A vast difference,' said I; 'and so while St. Paul calls the science itself false, he says nothing in regard to the honesty of the believers in it. He simply warns Christians that it is false, no matter how honest its advocates may be. That to which St. Paul alluded was the science of that day, which the science of the nineteenth century would as unhesitatingly pronounce false, as St. Paul did. Some Christian of that day, we will suppose, adopts the rule to follow the truth, lead where it may. Some so-called philosopher induces him honestly to adopt the "science" of the age, which is opposed to Christianity. Where are the two contending forces now? Now what is called philosophy, or say science, is *a search after* truth. Christianity is not, nor does it pretend to be. It proclaims itself to the world as THE TRUTH; and as such, no fact of science can be in conflict with it. It may be opposed by a "science falsely so-called." Certain facts—apparently such—may contradict it as to certain parts; or, as in the case of Galileo, certain discoveries may contravene certain doctrines which are taken for granted by believers as doctrines of Christianity. But a "search after truth" implies that the philosopher's present knowledge is imperfect; that what he thinks to be the truth to-day, to-

* Aids to Reflection, p. 71, Aph. XXV.

morrow's discovery may show to be an error; that every advance may correct or modify past deductions. When, therefore, a person talks about he established facts of science, he means, in truth, the *theories* deducible from facts so far as known, and certain inferred facts—theories which, he admits, may, and no doubt will, be modified by the discoveries of to-morrow. With all due respect for science, therefore, (and I do respect it; as a learner, I join its band of truth-seekers,) I think it the height of absurdity for one to reject the established facts of Christianity for the half-truths and plausible conjectures of modern science. There can be no conflict between science and religion. The conflict is between the theories of the one and the facts and doctrines of the other.'

[For The Church Monthly Magazine.]

PREPARATION AND INSTRUCTION FOR CONFIRMATION: WHAT HAS THE CHURCH RECEIVED AND ORDERED?

By the Rev. J. Carpenter Smith, D.D.

It is no unusual question asked by parents and sponsors and pastors, as to the best methods of instructing and preparing candidates for Confirmation. We who ask it are supposed to be members of a Church of Christ which has restored "the laying on of hands by the Bishop" to its Scriptural place and apostolic order and meaning, according to what we believe to be the mind of Christ, as followed by the Apostles and practiced by the Church in the purest ages. If we discover what "this Church" has provided in the way of preparation and instruction, we have a ready answer to our question. It is not what the Roman Church may teach, or what may be the practice of the Greek Church, or what our brethren of the respectable bodies of Christians around us, may hold, but simply what "this Church" has received and ordered. If we have any claim to be a Church of Christ we must have some provision in a matter so important and vital.

We naturally go back to the days when the Church restored the Scriptural rite of "the laying on of hands" to its proper place and order among "the principles of the doctrine of Christ." It was not overlooked by the Reformers amid the stirring subjects of their day. It received their attention, and they sought to restore it to its Scriptural and primitive place and purity at the same time that they restored the service for the administration of baptism and the Holy Communion. In the First Book of Edward, 1549, we find the title of the office to be "Confirmation wherein is contained a Catechism for Children." This remained unchanged in all the revisions until 1603, when it was explained by the larger title, "The Order of Confirmation, or the Laying on of Hands upon Children Baptized, and able to render an account of their faith according to the Catechism following." Thus the Catechism and Order of Confirmation were printed as one office. They continued thus until the Restoration, when the separation was made, although obviously the intention and spirit were unchanged. Down to the Restoration, the Bishop, or some minister by him chosen, was to examine the candidates at Confirmation by asking "such questions from this

short Catechism as he desired," to assure himself of their knowledge in "what a Christian ought to know and believe."

Obviously, then, this shorter Catechism was to be the text-book and basis of instruction, as containing the subjects and summary of "Christian doctrine" to be known and believed. It was in obedience to the solemn charge of the Church, given to sponsors when children were baptized, prescribing the great subjects of instruction, and stating the *minimum* amount of knowledge on the part of those who were to be confirmed. This "short catechism" only included the questions on the Creed, the Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer. The addition respecting the sacraments was a subsequent work, but the Catechism, thus enlarged, was left just where it always had been, as the text-book and basis of instruction ordered by the Church for the young baptized members of her fold.

We are taken back to the days when all children were baptized children. Our Reformers and Restorers were very practical men. They saw that from the day that God called Abraham and separated for Himself a Church, distinct from the world, children had been admitted as members, capable of receiving the grace and mercy of God. They knew that Christ himself had commanded such to be received into His kingdom, for He said "Suffer them to come, and forbid them not." They remembered how St. Paul in his "encyclical" epistles had not overlooked this important part of Church members. He wrote to Christians only—those who were *within* the Church, and he addressed children as among "the faithful," as well as parents and believing servants. The article "I believe in the holy Catholic Church," was a reality in the creed of our Reformers. They provided that children should be baptized, as it was according to the will of Christ. They believed that Christ was present and did receive the little one by baptism into the holy covenant of His redemption. The child was regenerate and born anew into Christ's kingdom. Whatever they may have held as to baptismal grace, they believed that the spiritual relation of that child was changed; he was made a child of grace. And as earnest and practical and honest men, when the child was baptized and given back to the sponsors, they put a prayer just there, to thank God for what He had done, and to ask for the now covenanted Holy Spirit to bless and to continue with the little one, that ever after his "life might be according to this beginning." But while they were men of faith, they believed in corresponding works and the use of means. The baptized child must be taught, and be told what he was and *whose* he was, "as soon as he could learn." They wrote a Catechism, or Instruction, for him. They made this to be a sacred office in the *Liturgy* of the Church. It was not new, not a novelty, but restored from Scripture, and as the primitive Church had taught. They did not fear to tell the child that he was "a child of God, a member of Christ, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." They regarded him as *within the Church;* and he must be trained as a Christian child. They knew and believed that He was faithful Who had promised. With them baptism was a reality, not an unmeaning form, or a concession to an old custom. To doubt its efficacy was to doubt their Lord's word and ordinance. If baptism meant anything it meant that for which they

had thanked God. And if it meant that, and pledged that which they had asked, "believing," then why not treat and train up the child accordingly? The Church dared not show half a faith, and imply a doubt where Christ commanded and promised. She could not provide a service for unfaithful Christian parents who lead their children and train them up in the ways of the very world they have renounced in their name, or for unfaithful sponsors who never intended to perform their solemn suretyship, or for pastors who do not instruct the lambs of the flock. The Church must assume in her offices that solemn obligations and promises will be respected. Assuming this, and knowing that her Lord "will surely keep and perform" what He has pledged, she supposes that her baptized children, "when they come to years," will be ready to be confirmed and to take upon themselves what others promised for them at their baptism.

This was all plain enough in the days of the early Reformers. Infant baptism was the rule. No service for the baptism of adults was provided until 1661, more than a century after the First Book of Edward VI. The mode and subjects of instruction for children, "as they were able to learn" after their baptism, are declared in the baptismal service and charge. We may call it "instruction and preparation for Confirmation" if we will. It is plainly stated — plain enough now to those who are loyal to the Church, and are content to follow out what she ordains. Such need not be told that the baptismal service and the solemn charge to sponsors declare the way in which the Church would have her children brought up. The rubric and directions in "the Catechism," and the Catechism itself, tell the simple subjects—the knowledge necessary for a Christian to possess. The teachers and instructors are appointed by the Church, in the sponsors and pastor. At the Font the Church assumes the charge of the baptized, and appoints the teachers and the lessons of instruction. In the Sponsors she has her sureties that the baptized little one of the fold shall be brought up to lead a godly and a Christian life, and be rightly instructed in "all that a Christian ought to know and believe." She supposes that if this be done faithfully, then when the years of discretion are reached, the child thus trained and instructed will be ready and desirous to be confirmed. And may we not believe that when this system is faithfully followed, and the baptism of the child is a reality in the faith of parents and sponsors, and the child is regarded as Christ's, in His Church, the supposition of the Church will be verified, and instead of an exception the general rule will be that "the rest of the life will be led according to this beginning," by those who have been baptized?

We submit that this seems to be the Church's way of training up and preparing the candidates for Confirmation. It is probably old and familiar. It contemplates a training from the beginning. It recognizes the child as a candidate from the very Font. It is ever looking forward to the time when the "suitable age" shall be reached, and, instructed and prepared, the candidate will be received, and "by the laying on of hands" admitted into the full service of the diffused "royal priesthood" of the living Church of Christ, in a life of holy self-consecration, by his own act and desire.

We know that this system is at cross-purposes with much that is current in our day. But every

Church must have some system. The Church system is consistent in itself, and complete, and according to Scripture. Much is drifting around us which we may be half unconsciously striving to incorporate with the system of the Church. We are a perplexed generation, confused often amid the din and clash of conflicting opinions. We are victims of conventional terms and religious catchwords. Certain terms become the one central idea of some religious system, as "the saving change," "conversion," and the like, around which that system revolves. Remove its centre, and all becomes chaotic. We do not find these in the Church system in the limited and conventional sense in which they are used. They have been hewn and shaped for a particular place in the various systems to which they belong, and will not fit in anywhere in the system of the Church. If we seek to incorporate them with it, they will become as round stones, which weaken the wall. Confusion will be the result—the building will not be "fitly framed together." I believe the Church has experienced the truth of the old proverb "Stolen treasures bode no good," whether stolen from Rome or anywhere else. Why not "hear the Church," and be loyal and faithful to what her system provides? A great religious need of our age and generation is there met by a definite, comprehensive, and plain course of religious instruction for our children, in a harmonious system of faith, doctrine, and practice. There is no better compend of practical theology than the Church Catechism. A child can learn it easily, and the most advanced find in it a convenient formulary of faith and doctrine.

We live in a boasted practical age. Why not use what we have at hand and profess to receive? A man may be a Churchman, a Baptist, or a Methodist. If he believe his Church to be nearest to the mind of Christ, or even a Church at all (which many do not—they never think about it), then we cannot see why he should distrust it, or be afraid of it as the best system for the religious training of his child. We deprecate a dangerous and vicious and destructive idea, which has crept in and become one of the fatal experiments of the age, in the religious instruction of the young. It is an indifference, if not a positive opposition, to all systems and forms of religious faith in such instruction. A child must receive only a vague and general outline of the truth, without any system of doctrine. This shadowy, almost formless outline, must be given with the intensely subjective in religious emotions and feelings and frames, without system and without authority. But above all else, the young mind needs the positive and authoritative. The child requires a system in his religion, as much as in his arithmetic and geometry. He needs something to contain the living water from the fountain of divine truth. Otherwise he will grow up an outline disciple, a phantom Christian, for every wind of doctrine to carry away. He has no root in himself, no backbone. The Church of Rome understands this matter. She sees these disciples in shady outline. She is stretching out her hand to get hold of the instruction of those who are left with this systemless outline of the most general religious truths. That Church has something definite and authoritative to meet the young mind that craves for it. She will fill up the outline, and give bones and ribs to our young phantom disciples. She holds her children with a grasp of steel.

They are never taught vague generalities in religion in their tender and plastic years. We leave ours with a dim outline, for accident and association to fill up, else to be obliterated by the assaults of unbelief. But you cannot shake the faith of a Romanist easily, because the first voice he heard was the voice of his Church in tones of authority telling him "You are mine as long as you are God's, and away from me you are a son of perdition." *And he believes it.*

But we are not distrustful of our Church. We do not apologize with hesitating breath because we are Churchmen. We have faith in her system for the instruction of her young in "what a Christian ought to know and believe." We can find nothing better outside. We well know the obstacles which may be in the way of the Church system. It runs counter to much of the religionism of the age. It has too much of the bit and bridle, when all around us are the excitement and novelties and unrestrained freedom of religious innovation and experiment. Ours may be the duty to hold fast and keep what we have "until this tyranny be overpast." We have all that is needful so far as the provision of the Church is concerned. The wisdom of ages is concentrated in the baptismal and Confirmation offices, including, of course, the Catechism. We need nothing more save the spirit of loyal, loving, trusting obedience. We have only to go back to our own principles, and use what we have, and regain what we have lost. The sponsorship which the Church has required from remotest ages has well nigh dropped out of the service, in its solemn duty and important office. Sponsors in name we have, but they have almost disappeared in practice. Yet let any Sponsor read the charge of Christ by His Church to the Sponsors in the service, and ask whether it be a mere formality? In the older days the Sponsor was required to present the child for whom he stood as surety to the Bishop for Confirmation, and thus receive his discharge from his solemn obligation. Christian parents and sponsors and pastors need not look beyond the Prayer Book to learn the best mode for preparing candidates for Confirmation. It is not only how to instruct a class, needful as aid to our knowledge may be for that. The work begins when the early dawn of moral consciousness begins — the work for the parent and sponsor and pastor. The Church system begins at the Font, and with the baptismal service as its exponent. It continues on, and the first and early lessons only expand to meet duty and privilege and responsibility, until at last the closing grave is blessed, as the Church reads what the Spirit bade her write, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and tells how the body rests "in hope of a glorious resurrection." "Let us hold fast to our faith without wavering, for He is faithful Who has promised."

THE INCARNATION.

As when across a darken'd room
A golden sunbeam strays,
Myriads of tiny motes are seen
Disporting in its rays,

Such, in the dread Eternal's sight
This universe appears,
With all its million million worlds
In their revolving spheres!

Ah, then, what thanks, Incarnate Lord,
Do I not owe to Thee,
Who, being in Thyself so high,
Wast made so low for me!

CASWELL.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

THE REINDEER.

Harry and Mollie can say the story of 'The Night Before Christmas' all the way through, and they rattle it off as fast as—well, a good deal faster than they do their multiplication-table, and don't make half as many mistakes; but yesterday, when Harry was repeating in a low tone

'Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,'

he suddenly stopped, and said half to himself,

'I'd like to see a reindeer. I'd like to have some. They must go, O just as fast, as fast as everything.'

'I wish we did have some,' broke in Mollie, from her corner of the window-seat, where she had been for the last half hour patiently working away over her geography lesson; 'they'd be better than Charlie Black's ponies.'

'Wouldn't they, though! I guess they'd go about twice as fast as those ponies, wouldn't they, mamma?'

'Yes, indeed they would. Sometimes they go as much as nineteen miles an hour.'

'Then why don't people have them and use them instead of horses?'

'Because,' said mamma, 'they could not live in such a warm climate as ours; they can only live where it is very cold. Nothing torments them so much as heat; they cannot bear it at all, it makes them sick right away.'

'That's funny; I'm sure it isn't very warm here,' said Harry, looking out on the snow-covered ground.

'No,' said mamma, 'to-day might not be too warm for them; but our Winters are very short compared with the Winters in Lapland, where they live.'

Here Mollie raised her head and said, very wisely,

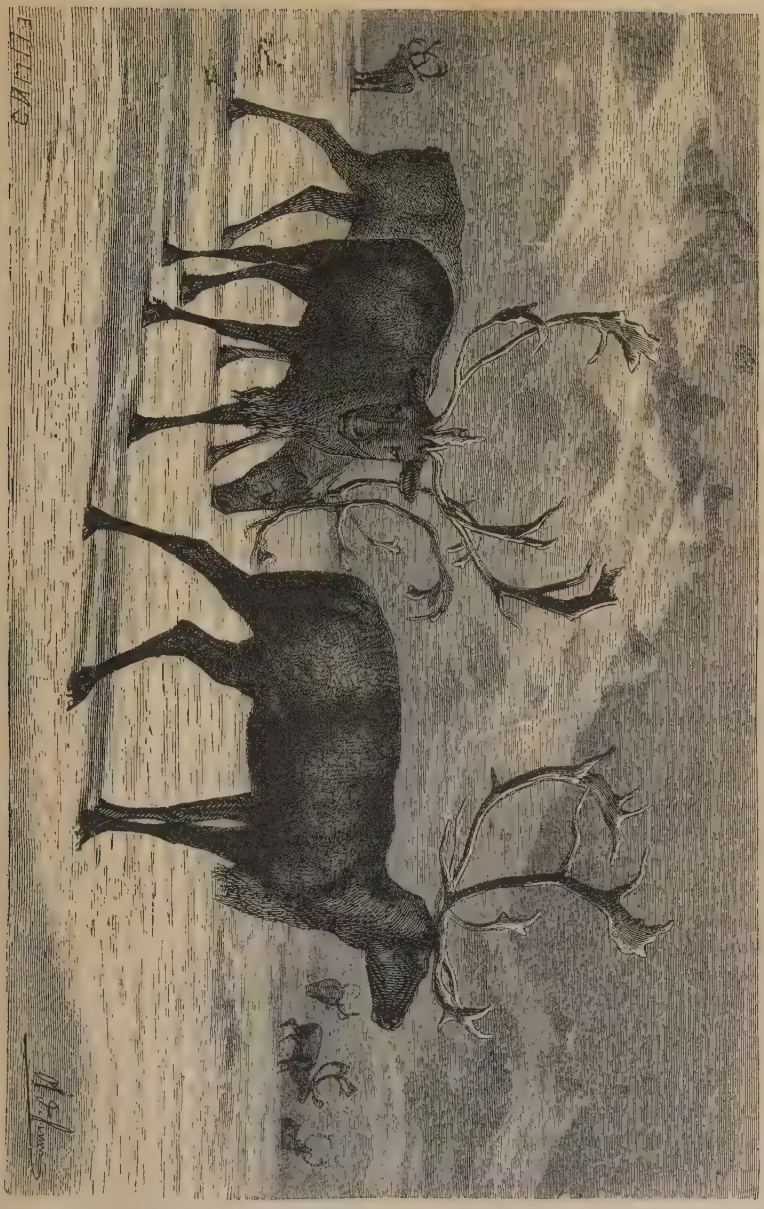
'Why, Lapland is clear up almost as far as the North Pole.'

She had just been finding it on her map, or perhaps she might not have been quite so certain of its whereabouts.

'Here is a picture of a Laplander, too,' Mollie said, holding up her geography, and showing the picture of a very small, homely-faced man, all dressed in furs, and sitting in a sledge, to which a reindeer was harnessed.

Mamma and Harry both looked at the picture, and Harry thought he would like to go to Lapland, where they drove the reindeer in that way.

'Yes,' said mamma, 'but you would not like to be obliged to dress in skins and live as the Laplanders do; and I am afraid you would have to do if you went there. See, every article the man has on is made of the reindeer skin, except perhaps his cap; that may be made of dog-skin; but these, too, they often make of the same as the rest. The Laplanders are very particular, too, about what part of the animal they use for these different purposes. For instance, they make their gloves out of the skin of the legs just above the feet, because that is the softest and finest part; but their shoes, which of course have to be as thick and heavy as possible, are made of the skin of the forehead, just between the horns; and of the rest of the skin, after it is stretched and dried on poles, they make every article which they wear in Winter, and many things that are used for other purposes. Their beds are only reindeer skins thrown over the twigs of birch-trees.'



'But what do they make the sheets of?' asked Harry.

'And stockings?' suggested Mollie.

'I am sorry to say,' mamma answered, 'that they have neither. The Laplanders know nothing of the use of anything in the way of underclothing; and as for sheets, most of these poor creatures never heard of such luxuries; but near the borders of Norway, where they have seen a little more of the way other people

live, some of them have a coarse kind of cloth for sheets, and they use the hair of the reindeer to stuff their pillows. Travellers who have slept in this sort of a bed say that it is very comfortable, for the fur is very thick and nice, and the pillows are quite as soft as our feather ones.'

'It seems to me these people use reindeer skin for about everything.'

'Indeed they do,' answered mamma. 'Reindeer are the most useful sort of animals, and a Laplander who does not own a herd of them, is very poor indeed. Most of the men own from six to seven hundred of them, and sometimes more. A person who has more than that, is considered very rich; but if one has about two hundred or less, he is quite poor.'

'I don't see how it makes a man rich to have so many,' said Harry, 'unless he sells them.'

'If he sold them the money would do him very little good. It would not be half as useful to him as his deer, for they provide him with food and clothing and everything he wants.'

'Why, do they eat them too?' asked Mollie.

'Yes, it is almost the only kind of meat they have; and besides, they use the milk as we do that of cows, but it is a great deal richer. The cheese, which is the principal thing they live upon all Winter, is made from the milk. Travellers who have visited that country, say that the milk of the reindeer, when frozen, is delicious eating, and is considered a great delicacy.'

'I'd like to taste some of it,' said Harry.

'Well, perhaps you may some day, if you should ever go to Norway or Sweden or Denmark, for the Laplanders sometimes sell it at very high prices to the merchants from these countries. I have heard that it is often to be had in their cities.'

'I would rather go to Lapland myself and get it,' said Harry. 'And when I grow up I am going to have a big ship and go up there and bring back a whole lot of reindeer for people to use here in the Winter; and then I could take them back when it came warm weather again.'

'O wouldn't that be nice,' exclaimed Mollie; 'and mamma, don't you 'spose papa would let us have the big barn to keep them in? And oh Harry, wouldn't it be fun? We could just go out and give them the hay ourselves, as we do to old Dolly when we go down to Uncle Charlie's.'

'But here comes another trouble,' said mamma, who seemed to be very much afraid that the plan would not work; 'they won't eat hay.'

'What do they eat, then?' asked Harry in a disappointed voice.

'Well, in Winter they root under the snow and feed on a kind of rock-moss which grows in great quantities in the north, and which we do not have here; but in the Summer they eat the leaves of such trees as grow there, and small mountain-shrubs, and, worse than all the rest, frogs sometimes, and snakes, and mountain rats.'

'It would be rather hard to get such things for them to eat—wouldn't it?'

'I'm afraid it would,' said mamma; 'and the only way I know of, if you want to own a herd of reindeer, is to go up there, and live in Lapland, in a hut made of skins and coarse cloth, such as the Laplanders live in, you know. But I'm afraid you would not like to live in a room no larger than this, with ten or twenty or more people, and half a dozen dogs besides, and eat and sleep and cook, and do everything, all in the same place. That is the way most of the Laplanders do.

'O mamma, how dreadful!' exclaimed Mollie. 'Did you ever know any one who lived there?'

'O no,' mamma said smiling; 'but I had an uncle who was a sea-captain, and he went up there once, and stayed some time, and he used to tell me a great many curious things about the people and the country. I will show you something that he brought as a curiosity from there' (and mamma opened a drawer, and took out a snuff-box very curiously carved, and mounted with silver). 'Yes,' she continued, 'some of the Laplanders carved that out of the horns of the reindeer. They use the horns almost as much as they do any other part of the animal. Knife-handles are made of them, and parts of the harness of the reindeer itself; the rest of the harness is made of the skin, and is sewed together, as these people sew all their skins, with the sinews of the reindeer.'

'I'd like to have some of the horns, to carve things out of,' said Harrie; 'but I wouldn't like to kill a poor thing, just to get his horns.'

'No, I hope not,' mamma said; 'but that would not be necessary, because the reindeer shed their horns every year.'

'O how nice! Mamma, would not you like a pair to put over the door, like the deer-horns Uncle Charlie has got over the door in the hall?'

'Yes, indeed, I would.'

'Well, I will bring you ever so many of them when I get my ship, and go up there: because really, mamma, don't you think it would be nice to bring some reindeer down here for the Winter? We could bring a good deal of the moss, too, to feed them on, you see.'

'And I will go, too, and help you gather the moss,' said Mollie. 'O wont it be fun!'

'What is it that will be such fun?' asked a voice which had not spoken before; and mamma and Harry and Mollie all looked up, and saw Uncle Charlie standing in the doorway.

In a moment more he had been pulled down into a chair, and was hearing a rather confused story about reindeer skins, and rock-moss, and cheese, and a ship that Harry was to have when he grew up; and then the question so often asked, but never satisfactorily answered, 'About how much money would a ship cost, Uncle Charlie? I do want one.'

'O what children you are!' said Uncle Charlie. 'Here is Christmas just over, and you had your stockings full of books, and dolls, and candy, and games, and all sorts of things, and now one of you wants a ship big enough to go to Lapland; and the other—dear me! nothing but a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer will suit her!'

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

RECLAIMED.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

She came, whose erring feet had gone astray,
  Whose conscious heart was sore disquieted,—
And trembling, saw in all its white array
  The table of the Lord before her spread.
  Then swift desire arose, and was outsped
By swifter memory, bringing blank dismay;
Abashed, despairing, she had turned away,
  Nor drank the cup, nor tasted of the bread,

But that when all her fearful soul was stirred
  With overwhelming sense of loss and pain,
The Master's voice, that bade her stay, she heard—
  And there was joy in Heaven once again.
For henceforth with His pardon comforted,
She did but live to follow where He led.

[For The Church Monthly Magazine.]

THE QUEST OF THE CRYSTAL.

By the Rev. J. M. Clarke, D.D.

III.

Wilfrid, the third brother of the family, was a high-spirited youth, the most chivalrous of the brothers, but rather passionate and quick-tempered. When he found that Hermann did not return, any more than Conrad had done, he shared, to be sure, the general sorrow of the family, but he made up his mind that the winning of the Rosy Crystal was an exploit reserved for him. He attributed the ill-success of his brothers to their having gone without weapons to meet the perils of the mountain. Having found an old cavalry sabre that had come down in the family from a remote ancestor, he buckled it round him, and vowed to find the Crystal and rescue his brothers, or perish in the attempt. He kissed his two sisters and his mother, grasped his father by the hand, and strode off valiantly from the cottage. He passed the Magic Fountain without special adventure; and commenced to climb the steeper part of the mountain. Arrived at the spot where the Gnomes had awaited Hermann, he merely said to himself 'Ah! here some poor fellows have been digging for gold,' and paid no more attention to the Badger's Cave near at hand than he had done to the rabbits' warrens or the foxes' earths in the tamer country below. Of course the mountain did not grow any smoother as he plodded on, but he cheered himself in his toil by the thought of the splendid progress he was making. He had accomplished about half the ascent, when stopping for awhile to rest, he turned and gazed upon the prospect of the valley region, green and beautiful in comparison with the desolate mountain heights. As he started forward again, with a heart warmed by the recollection of his home, a threatening voice assailed him, a little way to the right, 'Hallo! you villain, what are you doing upon our mountain?' Wilfrid had his sword drawn in an instant, and turned ready for a fight. But although a shadowy form seemed to glide through some bramble bushes, and he heard a slight rustling, no definite enemy presented himself to view. 'Come to me,' said the voice again, 'and receive the reward of such presumption.' Wilfrid dashed into the thicket to encounter his foe, but he had vanished at the boy's approach. A yell of defiance, however, sounded further on in the tangled undergrowth, and Wilfrid still plunged on, eager for a battle. He soon found that he had got into what the hunters call a windfall, where the passing of a tornado had prostrated a belt of forest in its course. Trees torn up by the roots were piled upon each other in every direction, and at all possible angles. At every step one must dive under a huge trunk, or climb over one lying on the ground, or go round a huge pile of upturned roots with their clinging soil. The direction in which he had been travelling would have skirted this wild region, but his invisible antagonist had led him into the thickest of it. He got more than one fall from the slippery tree-trunks. The knots and stubs of their branches bruised his limbs and tore his clothes. It was as difficult to go back as to go forward; and, besides, insulting shouts were ever inviting him on, and seemed to increase and redouble the more, the farther he got into the depths of the horrible confusion. At last he had struggled on till he caught sight of a

small space of open ground; and with a little effort reached it. Exasperated at not having been able to overtake the enemy that had called to him, he turned his fury on a harmless squirrel that was running along a tree-trunk, and with a quick blow of the sabre struck off his head. The next instant the mountain Fairy stood before him. Wilfrid dropped his weapon at sight of a Lady and a Queen; and besides he was daunted at her beautiful anger. 'Senseless boy!' said she, 'you have yielded, as your brothers did, to the temptations I commissioned my agents to set before you, and you have slain one of the innocent creatures that live here under my special protection. Now you shall be a brute, and indulge your temper, till the time of your deliverance. Live in this windfall, but mind you get your prey at a distance from my mountain.' She waved her wand, Wilfrid became a wildcat, and ran snarling away, to hide himself among the prostrate timber.

IV.

Great was the grief in the Valley Cottage as the months went on and no tidings were received of either of the brothers. But hope and determination were not dead in the hearts of those remaining, and the two sisters were as fully persuaded as their brothers had been, that it was reserved for one of the family to find the Rosy Crystal. The elder, whose name was Hilda, was to make the first trial; while Constance, who was the darling of her parents, was to stay and comfort them in their loneliness. Hilda, like most peasant girls in Germany, was well used to labor and hardship, and able to take good care of herself, wherever she might be. When all her preparations were made she took her staff and her bundle, and set off for the mountain. She passed the Fountain in the early morning, the gold-diggings about the middle of the forenoon, and about noon the windfall into which Wilfrid had been enticed. Nothing special had befallen her. She had drunk at the spring, and she stopped beyond the windfall to eat a piece of coarse bread which she had brought from home. The way became very rugged as she went on. Huge masses of rock had to be clambered over or toiled around. And where the rocks were smaller the ascent was so steep that progress toward the summit was slow indeed. In this part of the pilgrimage Hilda's stout alpen-stock did her yeoman's service, and enabled her, with hands as well as feet, to lift herself, laboriously but continuously, toward the summit. By four in the afternoon she had conquered the worst of the ascent, and began to feel sanguine of completing her undertaking. The climate began to be perceptibly different from that of the lowland. All vegetation had long since ceased. The air was thin and chill. At first she went on with all the more vigor for the cold, and breasted the steep with greater resolution. But as the sun sank behind her in the west the chill grew greater, and after awhile began to tell on her weary and trembling limbs. She felt she must press on and reach some shelter before dark, or she would perish. The sun was nearly set, when she espied before her a figure lying on the ground. It sat up as she approached, and she saw it was a child a little younger than herself, poorly and thinly clad, and apparently in great distress.

'What is the matter, child?' said Hilda.

'O dear,' sighed the girl, 'I have sprained my ankle by a fall among the rocks. I have dragged myself so far, but I can't get any farther.'

Hilda supposed, of course, this was a girl from the Valley, on the same errand as herself.

'Well,' thought she, 'this one wont get the Crystal away from me anyhow.' Then aloud,

'I'm sure I can't help you. It's all I can do to get up the mountain myself to-night.'

The heaven grew dark, as in a moment, while Hilda spoke. There were threatening symptoms of a storm. The crippled child felt there was no pity in Hilda's bearing, and fell back with a groan. Hilda drew her garments closer about her, and went on with quickened step. A breeze from the northwest began to blow, and grew stronger and fiercer, till it was a gale. Clouds overspread the sky. Day changed to twilight. Snow began to fall. More bitter and more piercing grew the blast, till it chilled the very marrow in Hilda's bones. She could give but a thought to the child she had left in its distress. Her own condition was one of mortal peril. The rapidly darkening air was thick with the falling snow, driven with the wind, and walking was becoming difficult through the drifts, and she was losing all idea of the direction in which she ought to proceed. Horrible tales came into her mind, of travellers who had perished in snow-storms on the mountain. She wished she had stayed with the lame girl for company. But the blast and the snow were doing their work. A stupor—the effect of cold—came over her. Her feet refused to carry her further. She tottered and fell in a drift. The northwest wind piled the snow above her; and in an hour, instead of the strong and self-reliant Hilda, a mound of snow alone was visible, with the wind whirling around it and wailing above.

V.

There was now only one child left in the cottage in the Valley. This was Constance, a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl. Her mother used to call her 'Little Sunshine,' because she always made the best of everything, and was kind to everybody, and always pleasant and cheerful. It almost broke her mother's heart when she found that 'Little Sunshine' was bent on taking up the same adventure from which Hilda and her brothers had never returned. But after trying a long time to dissuade her, the parents at last consented to her going, hoping that at least this darling child would be shielded from danger and restored to them in safety.

At the spring Constance found the elves playing, as Conrad had done before. But when they asked her to join them she said 'No, I do not play with boys.' For a similar reason the gnomes and their gold-digging were no temptation to her; for one of the best among 'woman's rights' is the right to be comparatively unaffected by temptations that prove fatal to the stronger sex. At the point where Wilfrid had been lured from the upward way, the voices called to Constance, but in vain. She was too firmly set on the pursuit of the Rosy Crystal, and of her lost brothers, to pay much attention to the calls. Hilda had given her some experience in the line of being shouted to and scolded at, and 'Little Sunshine' had found that it was wiser and pleasanter to stop her ears and run away than to stay and resent the assaults of an angry tongue. So, though the voices poured out plentiful abuse and the most moving invitations to come and be pounded, shaken, and otherwise maltreated, Constance acknowledged their kindness only by quickening her steps

and trudging away up the hill with all her might. It was a hard pull over the rocks and hummocks, but she felt encouraged as she gradually left the threatening voices behind her, and heard them grow faint and die away in the distance.

I have passed rapidly over her climbing of the mountain, but in reality the day had been spent in steady toil, and the sun was about to set, when she reached the last stage of the ascent, which she could climb in an hour and gain the summit.

It was at the foot of this last steep that Hilda had come upon the poor, crippled child. And as Constance approached, there lay the same young girl, with the same thin and tattered garments, and the same expression of pain in her face. She made the same complaint to Constance that she had to Hilda—of having sprained her ankle, and being unable to get further toward the goal of her journey. The sympathies of 'Little Sunshine' were excited in a moment. 'You poor child,' said she, 'let me help you to get forward.' So saying, she helped the child to her feet, put her own climbing-staff into her hand, and bidding her to lean on her on the side of the injured foot, found her able to hobble along quite respectably. They stopped occasionally to rest, and Constance gave the stranger some of the brown loaf she had brought from her mother's. This increased her strength, and in less time than she could have thought possible 'Little Sunshine' and her companion had traversed a large space of snow-covered ground, and come in sight of a building that crowned the very peak of the mountain. It was in the villa style, rather antique in its architecture, and with a dome, apparently of glass, all dimly visible in the fast darkening twilight. The first lamps of evening were beginning to shine through the lower windows of the mansion, while the brighter of the stars were already visible in the great arch of heaven overhead. It was a grand sight; but Constance was too tired for the full enjoyment of it, and besides was anxious about her reception in such a splendid building. With her little remaining strength she hurried with the lame girl toward the porch of the mansion. Just as she reached it the door flew open, and a lovely lady stood at the entrance of the lighted hall.

'Welcome, Constance,' said she; 'I have been expecting you. And here is my darling daughter Preciosa.'

As she spoke 'Little Sunshine' turned to look at the companion who still leaned on her arm. In a moment the rags of the former beggar-child had changed into splendid garments. Rich jewels shone about her, like those of the Fairy Queen herself. The lameness had disappeared, and a graceful girl, radiant in youthful beauty, stood at 'Little Sunshine's' side.

'Yes,' said the Queen, as Constance shrank a little, abashed at the sight of so much splendor, 'this is my own daughter. I have made her a test of the tempers of those who came into my realm. Your selfish sister refused to help her. But you are a dear, good child. Come in and stay in my house to-night.'

'You must pardon my sister,' said Constance, 'she was so anxious to get the Rosy Crystal.'

'She wouldn't get it by selfish naughtiness,' said the Queen. 'But come in and rest from your journey.'

'Little Sunshine' gladly entered, with Preciosa by her side. First she was taken to a bath, where, after its

refreshing luxury, she found new and handsome clothes awaiting her, instead of her own soiled and travel-stained garments. Then the Fairy and her daughter regaled her with a supper, at which the bread, the butter, the preserves, and the cake, were all of the nicest quality, and the china and the silver were such as Constance had never seen before. And to crown all, she had the daintiest little bed assigned her, in the same room with Preciosa. And as even young girls cannot talk forever, it came to pass that, before midnight, she was in the sweetest and most refreshing slumber.

Next morning, after breakfast, Constance brought forward the subject of the Rosy Crystal.

'Yes, child,' said the Queen, 'you shall try the adventure, and may God grant you good success. The Rosy Crystal is under the dome that crowns my dwelling. A serpent guards it, and two lions defend the entrance. But you are under my protection, and I will prepare you to encounter them. This lily will protect you from the lions, and against the serpent you need only the sign of the Cross.'

So saying, she showed the child the staircase leading to the enchanted dome. 'Little Sunshine' climbed the stairs with trembling feet, hearing already the growl of the lions as she neared the door. But she thought of all she held dear, and offered up a fervent prayer to God for help in this supreme trial. She opened the door with gentle hand. The lions sprang toward her as she entered, but at sight of the lily and the sweet child who held it, they crouched and wagged their tails and crept gently to kiss her feet. Relieved of this fear, she went on, the lions escorting her. Directly in front was a sort of altar, in the centre of the room, immediately under the dome. And on the altar lay the serpent, rearing his horrid head on high, and, to the child's astonishment, holding the Rosy Crystal between his jaws, while his eyes flashed fire at the intruder. The child stood still and signed the air with the sign of the Cross. At the moment the serpent's crest fell. He sank upon the altar-throne. His head drooped over the edge toward Constance. He seemed lifeless, stupefied. She saw her opportunity, and springing forward, snatched the Rosy Crystal from the relaxing mouth. Next moment a sound of falling stones was heard. The altar-throne with the serpent on it sank down, down, and disappeared, and the echo of its fall came up from the bowels of the mountain, and the pavement closed again where it had stood. 'Little Sunshine' looked at the lions. As she looked, their manes and tails disappeared, their features changed, they rose upright, and two handsome young princes stood before her. For all enchantments were reversed before the Rosy Crystal, held in a pure, mortal hand. These were adventurers who had contended with the serpent without the Cross, had been vanquished by him, and compelled to help him guard his treasure. 'Little Sunshine' now presented to the Queen and Preciosa, who had been praying for her below, the two restored princes, one of whom proved to have been a dear friend of Preciosa's. She and her mother had long been waiting for the arrival of the pure and loving child who was to break the spell and set free the enchanted ones.

Preciosa and the two princes accompanied Constance as she went down the mountain with the Talisman in her hand; as she released from their enchantments successive-

ly Hilda, and Wilfrid, and Hermann, and Conrad; as she arrived at her mother's door with all the recovered children in her company; as she restored her father's health with the Rosy Crystal; as she changed by its magic power the poverty and squalor of the cottage into neatness and plenty and comfort; there was gladness in the reunited family. Its members renounced the faults which had once brought them under the power of the serpent. And sweetest amity and concord grew up among all these young hearts. The princes visited their own parents; but they returned; and many were the happy years of the three families—that of the Mountain; that of the Valley; and the family of the two disenchanted princes, the one the betrothed of Preciosa, the other the lover of 'Little Sunshine.'

THE END.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

ROB'S VACATION.

By H. Y. E.

Chapter I.—A Chinese Laundry.

You have asked me so many times to write down what you have heard so much about—the doings and adventures, gay and sad, at the old homestead during the holidays—that I have at length brought myself to the point of complying with your request. I concluded, on mature deliberation, to write out the narrative like a story, or rather, series of stories. Having completed my task, on running my eye over it for the I don't know how many-th time, it all at once occurred to me that this newborn narrative was without a name. After a little hesitation, I decided, in honor of our dear brother Rob, to call it 'Rob's Vacation': for it is all about what we did and saw and heard during the holiday season, when he was home for a vacation. Albeit if it *should* so happen, through some freak of yours, that this should ever get into print, Rob will never forgive me for telling the first story. But as I have no idea that so unlikely an event ever will happen, I shall not hesitate to tell it all, and here it is:

Rob was home for a college vacation. It was the close of the first term sophomore. He had never been a freshman, having studied the first year's course at home.

They say of sophomores—well, no matter; everybody knows what they say of sophomores. But our Rob was the same dear, good brother he had always been. Still I, his favorite sister, had to confess that the end of the first term sophomore found him a little 'airy.' I used to apologize for him, however. He had seen a little of the world. He had occupied a position where the props of parental and brotherly and sisterly affection were for the time removed; and he had stood erect among his classmates as good as any of them. He was young, and why shouldn't he feel this?

Thus, in my way, I reasoned to myself about Rob. Still I could not but confess that some of his new airs were not agreeable to me. There was a quiet assurance of manner and a toss of the head when he offered opinions at the table. And between dinner and dessert, he would sit fumbling with his napkin-ring, on which

he would keep his eye fixed, as, with that same not-on-any-account-to-be-disputed air, he unfolded his theories on questions about which, he used, three months before, to meekly ask the views of his father or mother, or, in fact, of me, his elder sister.

I continued to apologize for Rob, until one day when I nearly lost my patience. Old Bess, our colored cook, washer, and ironer, had lived with us for now quite fifteen years. And while she was good in all departments of her work, if there was one thing in which she particularly excelled, it was in her washing and ironing. Mother was proud of the snow-white sheets and table-cloths and napkins which Bess weekly sent up from the laundry. And then the shirts, collars, cuffs, and handkerchiefs! Our neighbors envied us our black Bess. And Bess was not unconscious of her own excellences; and as, like myself, she had a partiality for Rob, she seemed to take a particular pride over his linen.

One day the conversation at the table happened in some way to turn upon the subject of Bess' excellences. Rob was, as usual, oracular, and admitted that it could not be denied that her work was good.

'Good!' exclaimed Sarah, my younger sister, 'I should like to know where you would find anything better?'

'At the Chinese laundry,' said Rob, tossing his head, but not taking his eye from the napkin-ring with which he was playing.

'The Chinese laundry!' exclaimed we all, which exclamation was followed by a perfect volley of deprecations and remonstrances. Even I was too much provoked to extend to Rob the sympathy and apology which I usually had in store for him. I joined with the others in pelting him verbally, and I must say that the boy could make but a poor show of defending himself. He was, on the whole, good-natured, however; but I thought there was a little provocation in his tone as he ended the matter with

'Well, of course I never denied that Bess was a good laundress, but it wont do to compare her work with that of the Chinese. In fact, if there was a Chinese laundry in town, where I could take my collars and cuffs, I don't think that I should trouble Bess with them.'

'O Rob!' was all we could say. We really felt hurt. There was good old Bess, unequalled by any in the village, and so fond of Rob as she had always been, and so proud of him as she was now, to see him returning home on his first vacation—it was too bad, and we were indignant.

That afternoon Rob went out for a drive. We of the female part of the household held an impromptu council of war. We concluded that dear Rob, with all his goodness, was becoming opinionated, and was putting on airs which were too much even for a sophomore. We resolved that in some way we would 'take the conceit out of him.' We called in to our aid Cousin Charley, who had arrived that afternoon. Charley was a wag, always ripe for a prank, provided it was of that kind which never wounds or leaves a sting behind.

Our village is not a large one. Our own house is surrounded by a garden and orchard running to the street in the rear. Here on an adjoining lot was a small eighteen-by-twenty building, which had formerly been used for an office by my father, who was now about retiring from medical practice. It was vacant now. It was but the task of a few hours to

scrub and cleanse and put it in some kind of order. Fortunately it contained a table and counter. A sheet had been placed over the window that faced the street, so as to conceal our operations. Charley, who was handy at such work, had cut out from red paper, letters for a sign, which was in time duly installed in its place, and which read

CHINESE LAUNDRY.
TAY-KIN—WAH-SHING.

This was placed on the inner side of the sheet that hung at the window, and was so arranged that we could reverse it, and the sign could be read from the street. Not many persons, it is true, were in the habit of passing there. Still this sign was intended only for a public of one.

All this being arranged, the next thing to be done was to find a Chinaman. This was no easy matter. But at length the problem was solved by Josephine, who was spending the holidays with us:

'I will be the Chinaman.'

'You!' we all exclaimed. 'Why, it is a man we want. Besides, your voice would betray you.'

But she persisted. She would remain behind the counter, and the upper part of her dress could easily be made to look like a Chinaman's. She could darken her complexion, paint her eyebrows, and as for speaking, her plan was that Cousin Charley should make a placard, to be posted in the room, stating that Wah-shing would not arrive for a week, but meantime the business would be transacted by Tay-kin, who unfortunately was unable to speak English. The prices were therefore marked on the schedule, and by pointing at them, the terms could easily be arranged.

'Rather complicated,' said Charley, shaking his head doubtfully, 'and far-fetched.'

'And so is everything that comes from China,' said Josephine, laughing.

After some discussion, the volunteer Chinaman was accepted as our only recourse, but with some misgivings as to the issue.

The next thing done was to arrange in the back part of the room a screen, behind which the rest of the party could conceal themselves, and enjoy the sport. This was done by stringing a sheet upon a line across the room.

But now came the most difficult part. Rob must see the sign, and bring his clothes to the laundry, and our Chinaman must be there to receive them. We spent the remainder of the day in providing a suitable dress for Josephine, and in rehearsing our parts.

The next afternoon, as Rob was starting out to take his usual drive, I told him that as James was to be sent on an errand, and might not be home when he returned, I wished that instead of coming to the front door, he would drive to the barn by the back street. The barn-door would be unfastened, and he could drive in, and leave his horse for James to attend to when he returned. This was the first scene in our little farce.

Before Rob returned, the sheet at the window disclosed the red-letter sign, and on the door was pinned a card stating that Tay-kin would be ready to receive orders to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. From the windows in the rear of the house, we girls watched for Rob's return. In due time the favorite pony came down the back street, drawing his master. We watched, literally, on tiptoe. The horse was walking leisurely, but Rob's attention was attracted to the side of the street opposite to our "laundry." He was

going to miss it—that was sure. But just as he was in front of the house, his horse shied slightly at a small heap of rubbish which had been swept out from the little building; and Rob, turning his head, caught sight of the sign at the window. He reined up, and we could see his countenance lighted up with a look of pleased surprise. We distinctly saw him nodding his head significantly as he passed toward the barn. Soon his horse was disposed of, and we saw him walk back, stop in front of the little building, evidently reading the card on the door.

So far every thing had worked to our purpose, and now an espionage must be established. You may be sure Rob was not permitted to be a moment out of sight or hearing. Not long after entering his room, he came out, and sauntered down-stairs whistling. Sarah immediately entered the apartment, and a slight search rewarded her with a discovery of the fact that he had been overhauling his linen, and had partly made a bundle. It was all right for us; and as it was before dinner we compared notes, we found it necessary to practice the art of keeping straight faces.

The dinner passed off without any allusion to Orientals. Rob seemed to be even a little more airy than usual. The rest of us were in very high spirits. I wondered that he did not notice how easy it was for us, for the slightest cause, to be thrown into immoderate laughter, or suspect that our hilarity might be due to something beside the not always very bright puns and jokes that were passed.

I had not a little anxiety on one point: Rob would be likely to send his parcel to the laundry by James, who as yet knew nothing of what was going on, and who, by his surprise and inquiries, might frustrate our scheme. I therefore managed, before 10 o'clock on the next day, to send James over the river on an errand. O how little we know what we do! Here was an errand to Mrs. Mangam's—an errand invented as an expedient to get James out of the way. Yes, even in our lightest moments, while we are at play, without a thought of anything serious, Providence takes the thread we carelessly drop; with the thread, draws on the cord, with the cord the rope, with the rope the cable, and then—but I am digressing. I shall tell the story of Mrs. Mangam in a subsequent chapter.

Sure enough, about ten o'clock Rob was around inquiring for James, and when told that he had gone over the river, and would return I didn't know when, he seemed a little puzzled, and a little disappointed. He missed Josie also. Had Josie gone, too—seizing the opportunity for a ride? No? And where was Josie?

Had Rob discovered our plot? And did he mean to annoy us by questions that it would be awkward for us to answer? But I kept my countenance and my counsel. Josie was at that time in the "laundry," surrounded by washing appliances, and arrayed as a Chinaman waiting for a customer. All in the plot were now on the tiptoe of expectation. No sooner did we see Rob stealing out to the barn with a bundle under his arm, than the rest of us stole as quietly under the shelter of the hedge to the back door of the little building.

Quietly behind the curtain, we waited events, not daring to look one another in the face for fear of an explosion of laughter. We had not long to wait. Josie was bustling about, as though busy at work, but partly, as we could easily see from

behind the screen, to be able to hide a smile that would, in spite of her best endeavor, steal over her features.

'I want to leave,' began Rob, but Josie quietly pointed to the placard informing the public that Tay-kin could not speak English. He must needs, therefore, transact his business in dumb show. But if Tay-kin could not speak, why of course Tay-kin could not understand English, and Rob could think aloud, and he did. 'Humph!' said he, 'this fellow looks as though he was too young to speak anything. Wonder how long they have been here? Just come, I guess. No—appear to have work. Best-looking Chinaman I ever saw!'

Do you wonder how we kept from screaming at that? So do I. But all was at stake, and we felt the importance of silence.

Josie soon overhauled the articles, pointed at the card-rates for each, handed him a pencil, let him do his own figuring, and then made some Chinese characters (which she had learned for the occasion) on a yellow card, which bore the inscription "These articles will be ready for delivery in twenty-four hours." Rob took the card and left.

No sooner had he got fairly away from the door, than we rushed from our concealment, and gave vent to our feelings in suppressed laughter. We dare not let out our emotions, or such screams as we would have raised might have recalled our customer. No time was to be lost, however, in comparing notes, and congratulating Josie on the admirable manner in which she had acted her part. We must steal quickly and quietly back to our quarters, lest Rob should miss us when he returned to the house.

The first act had been a decided success. But now came one far more difficult. Fortunately, just after lunch, one of Rob's college friends called, bringing his chum, and the three went off together for the afternoon and evening. This left us to ourselves, where we could laugh as heartily as we pleased at the adventures of the morning, and make our preparations for the next day's performances.

Black Bess must now be brought forward as one of the actors, and the arranging of that part was left to me. But how was I to proceed? Was I to grieve the old soul by telling her that Rob had been so unkind as to put a higher estimate on Chinese skill than on hers? Unable to decide upon any definite plan of procedure, I concluded to act as circumstances might require. Taking a favorable moment, I went to the kitchen with the linen Rob had placed in the hands of Tay-kin. I asked Bess if she could do me the favor to wash and iron the articles, so that I could have them by 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

'Dem's Massa Rob's duds—aint dey?' she asked. 'And you want 'em afo' 10 o'clock to-morrow mornin'? You can jes' hab 'em, or any ting else you want, for Massa Rob, any hour ob de day or night. Dat's what you can. Now you see what I's able and willin' to do. Now, Miss Lucy, you jes' let dis chile ax you one question?' (and she looked very sharply at me.) 'What is dis for? He aint goin' back to college right off, an' he aint a-goin' to git married. Now jes' tell me what dis is all about?'

Here was a poser. I really did not know what to say; but I began, not knowing how I should end:

'Well, Bess, you know we all think a great deal of Rob.'

'Yes, bless 'im! an' who don't?'

'Well,' I continued, 'you know Rob

has been to college, and he has made some new acquaintances, and he has seen a good many things, and learned a good deal; and he has got some ideas in his head about——'

'"Now look yer, Miss Lucy, if you spec' I'm goin' to do up dese duds afo' ten o'clock to-morrow mornin', I can't fool away no time wid your tryin' to splain to me all about dem big ideas Rob's got. Ob co'se he's got 'em. What did we send 'im to college for? Now look yer, Miss Lucy, you jes' look me right in de eye one minit. I tell you you can't fool ole Bess. She wa'n't bro't up in Govana Johnson's kitchen for nuffin. I know all about dis ting. I felt it was comin' afo' you put de fust foot down dem cellar stairs, jes' now. I know'd it was comin'; I been 'spectin' it long time!' and the old woman fairly shook with laughter.

'Why, Bess,' said I, 'what ails you?'

After several ineffectual attempts she became calm enough to proceed. With more gravity she continued slowly, and emphasizing every word,

'Now jes' look yer, I know all about it; you are jes' goin' to sen' dat boy off to Congress, right off; dat is what you're up to.'

It was now my turn to be convulsed.

'Why, Bess,' I exclaimed, 'don't you know he has just begun to go to college? He isn't old enough. He couldn't go if he was, until he was nominated and elected.'

'Now jes you listen,' Bess broke in; 'jes you listen: I haint ben brought up in Govana Johnson's kitchen for nuffin. I know all about goin' to Congress. But den dats in de case of *common* folks. Now Massa Rob aint none o' your town-boys. He aint none o' your neighbors' chil'ren; he's our Rob. He don't need no nomination, nor no election. Fifteen years ago dis blessed month, when I fust set eyes on dat child, says I, dat boy's goin' to Congress suah. An' ole Bess is right, an' you know she is, an' I dont want to heah no more about it. So, Miss Lucy, I haint got no more time to waste talkin'.'

And thus I was almost driven from the kitchen.

It was not Rob's disposition to keep a good thing long to himself, and I felt sure that before the *denouement* Charley would be taken into his counsels.

That night, when the boys were in their room, Rob began,

'I say, Charley, you were not here when I so shocked the feminine part of the household by giving verdict in favor of the Chinese laundry as compared with old Bess' washing. But you have heard of it, no doubt.'

Charley assented.

'Well now,' continued Rob, 'I propose to give those ladies a lesson. I've nothing to say against old Bess' washing. It is better than the common run, but when they pronounce it equal to the Chinese, they talk of that they know nothing about. Now I discovered yesterday that there was a Chinese laundry in the next yard. Ha, ha! They never told me about it. Perhaps they thought I would put my threat into execution. Well, very quietly I stole over there with some of my linen. It will be done to-morrow; and to show these ladies that I was right, I propose to lay the articles before them and challenge them to say that Bess ever did work like that. I want you to be sure and be at lunch with us to-morrow, when I will produce the articles, and we will see some sport.'

Charley communicated all this to us the next morning, and we laid our plans accordingly. Lunch came and passed off as usual until near the close, when Rob said,

'Ladies, we had a dispute at the table the other day, when you thought I was rather hard on old Bess, and I thought you all were rather hard on me. I don't propose to revive that dispute now, but I do propose to settle it in a manner which will be satisfactory to all parties. Please excuse me a few minutes.'

We received the announcement with affected surprise and interest, and waited his return, all except Josie, who quietly slipped out of the room and arrayed herself in her Chinese habiliments—eyebrows and all. Rob returned, bringing some articles of snow-white linen, which he laid before us with a triumphant 'There!'

We all put on a perplexed look and glanced from him to the linen. At last I said,

'There what?'

'Well, what do you think of them?'

'I think they must be yours,' said I.

'No, no,' said he, a little impatiently, 'I want your opinion about the laundry work. Do you think it well done?'

'Why, of course,' we all said.

Affecting a little vexation I said,

'Why, Rob, what is the matter with you, that you can no longer be satisfied with Bess' work?' Taking up a collar in one hand and a cuff in the other, and holding them out to him, I continued, 'Pray tell me what fault you have to find with that. Show me any defect if you can.'

'I have no fault at all to find,' said Rob; 'but I want to know what *you* think of it. I want you, as a jury of ladies, to give your candid opinion of that laundry work.'

We examined the articles one by one, and all pronounced them perfect, adding 'As Bess' work always is.'

'Then you all pronounce it perfect, do you?'

'We do,' I replied. 'And now pray give us your opinion.'

'I call it perfect, too,' said he, 'and better than Bess ever did or ever could do.'

'Why, what do you mean?' we all asked, with affected surprise.

'I mean,' said he, 'that Bess did not do that work; it was done at a Chinese laundry!'

Of course our astonishment now passed all bounds. 'At a Chinese laundry!' we exclaimed, opening our eyes and lifting our hands. We then examined the articles over again, and pronounced them excellent, but no better than Bess always did.

'Ladies,' said Rob, with some vexation, 'the other day you thought me unfair; I think now I shall have to return the compliment.'

'Umph!' said I, 'I don't believe any Chinaman ever did that work.'

Rob was getting angry. He looked sharply at me and said

'I never thought that my favorite sister would call my word in question.'

'Rob,' said I, with as much calmness as I could command, 'I don't like to dispute your word, but in this case I must insist upon proof.'

Now the dear boy was angry.

'Call Bess, then,' said he.

'Call your Chinaman,' said I.

'Confound him, here he is,' said Rob, as Josie stepped into the room.

Rob was now a pose for an artist. With eyes and mouth open, he scanned her from head to foot.

'Jo-sie!' he said, drawing out the word in a mingled tone of exclamation and interrogation.

'Me no Josie now,' said she; 'me no Melican girl, me Chinaman, me Tay-kin. Yes, me *take in*.'

'Yes,' shouted Charley, 'she did the Tay-kin, and old Bess did the Wah-shing!'

That house never rang so with laughter as on that occasion. Such shouting and screaming! And then, to see Rob's confusion, as the whole thing opened itself before him. First surprise, then vexation, then chagrin, and at length, like the dear, good fellow he always was, holding his sides and swaying to and fro, he joined heartily in the laughter himself. Mother was as much amused as any of us. But when we became more calm she went to Rob, put her hand upon his shoulder, and said

'Now, my dear boy, I have consented to let the girls have this frolic at your expense. I thought you needed the lesson. When you go back to college don't outgrow your home. And whenever you find yourself becoming too positive about anything, just remember the Chinese Laundry.'

A REMEDY FOR A PREVALENT EVIL.

Last Summer Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson delivered an address before the National Educational Association in Philadelphia, on "The Neighborhood as a Starting Point in Education." He believes that an intelligent teacher may interest the children in the objects in the neighborhood, geology, meteorology, botany, natural history, &c., so that they may grow up with habits of observation, and find endless sources of enjoyment in the knowledge thus acquired. We were particularly struck with the following passage, which we commend to the attention of intelligent youth in the country:

My second reason is the elevation of the farming class through the retention of the best and brightest boys on the farm. At present, by a most unnatural selection, that class is drained of many of its most promising elements by a sort of emigration to other industries. The hard times have checked this, but it is, in America, the dominant tendency, and every census shows a larger ratio of city to country residents. Now the schools, as I believe, are rather helping than hindering this drain. They awaken in the farmer's boy tastes and ambitions which he sees nothing on the farm to satisfy. Agriculture comes to mean to him distasteful and unintelligent toil, and all his aspirations go out toward city life. And the very men who should be the life of this class, and the story of whose achievements should be the story of its advances, are drafted into our counting-houses, and into the overcrowded ranks of our professions. A partial remedy, at least, for this state of things might be found in awakening among our farmers' sons the taste for natural history. All the wonders which are connected with the lad's every-day life,—all the open secrets of the farm-yard, the road-side, and the field,—the geology of the neighborhood in its relation to the kinds and qualities of the soils,—its native flora and fauna, and their places in the zoölogy and botany of his country,—the history of the domestic animals and plants, the meteorology of the district in relation to its agriculture, and whatever else may help him to feel that all around him lie objects worthy of study and observation, should be taught him sooner or later. He would then begin to think of his home, rather than of the city, as associated with the escape from a narrow and sordid horizon which education offers. He would find the life of the farm become first tolerable and then interesting. He would look forward with delight to years spent in contact with objects each of which had become a gate that opened at his touch, and led him into wide fields of intellectual effort and pleasure. The country would again become the darling of her brightest children, when they would not only see the outer work-a-day garments she wears, but catch a glimpse into her mother-heart of forethought and wisdom.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

MY GOLD.

"Yes, I know you are delighted
With your glittering bravery fine;
And I do not blame your pleasure
In the red gold's gleaming shine—
But, my dear, when you are older
You perchance may fancy mine."

"Yours, dear Aunty! Have you any?
If you have, you've never told;
Have you bracelets such as these are—
Chains and links of twisted gold,
Almost as if molten sunbeams
Into solid sheaves were rolled?"

"Yes, I've gold you would not value,
Gold of which you do not dream,
In the daffodils beside you,
Rivalling with splendid gleam
Golden crocus in the garden,
Golden willow by the stream;

"In the happy dandelions
Scattering jewels far and free,
While the buttercups and pansies
Share their lavish gold with me,
And the pendulous Labarnum
Drops a necklace from its tree.

"Mine are all the Summer's treasures—
Roses of the cloth of gold,
Golden sunflowers in the hedges,
Golden-rods the waysides hold;
O this living gold is richer
Than your metal dead and cold.

"I am never tired or weary
Of its ever-varying hue,
Which through all the changing seasons
Shines forever fresh and new;
Often hath its cheerful brightness
Gilded many a dismal view.

"Fashioned fairly, wrought so rarely—
Into cups and vases rolled—
How my heart leaps up to see them
Shine above the dreary mould
In the Spring-time, ere the Summer
Waves her corn and marigold.

"And when Autumn's gold hath fleeted
Leaving branches bare and brown,
I can see the sunset glory
Through the tree-tops streaming down—
All the gold of every season
Gathered in a golden crown."

C. P. V. W.

DR. SCHAFF ON THE RESURRECTION.

A systematic attempt has been begun to popularize the infidel theories of Strauss and the Tubingen School, in a work entitled "The Bible for Learners," by Oort and Hooykaas, under the inspiration of Professor Kuenen of Leiden. It has been translated into English. Dr. Schaff, in a communication to the *New York Evening Post*, notices the work, and takes up for consideration one point, which he handles with his usual ability. He says:

It would take a book to refute this work. I propose to discuss only one point in this article, the resurrection of Christ. This is the test of the true theory, and the rock on which all false theories of the Gospel history split. If we accept the resurrection of Christ, there is no difficulty about the other miracles. If we reject it, the other miracles fall with it, and Christianity must be either an imposture or a delusion. The Jewish philosopher Spinoza said, if he could believe the resurrection, he would at once become a Christian.

There are four possible theories of the resurrection of Christ.

1. It was a real miracle, such as it is represented in the Gospels and believed in the Christian Church, namely, a reanimation of the dead body of Christ by the return of his soul from the spirit-world, and a rising of body and soul from the grave to a new life on earth, which forty days afterward was crowned by the ascension to Heaven.

2. It was a downright fraud. The Apostles stole or hid the body of Jesus and humbugged the world. This was a deliberate lie fabricated by the Jews who crucified the Lord (Matt. xxviii. 12–15). It carries its refutation on the face: for if the soldiers who watched the grave were asleep, they could not see the thieves, nor would they have proclaimed their military crime; if they, or only some of them, were awake they would have prevented the theft. Besides, the disciples were too timid to venture on such an act, and too honest to manufacture such a lie and

to deceive the world. No decent Christian writer has dared to insult the common-sense and the honor of mankind by defending this revolting absurdity.

3. It was rising from a trance or asphyxy. Christ was not really dead, but only exhausted, and was restored by the tender care of the disciples. This is the view of the older and vulgar rationalism, ably advocated by Paulus of Heidelberg, but as ably refuted by Strauss, his successor in the history of error. A natural death of Jesus after a few weeks of sickly existence would have only deepened the gloom of the disciples and driven them to utter despair.

4. The vision theory. Christ rose in the imagination of his friends, who mistook a vision or dream for actual reality, and were thereby encouraged to proclaim the gospel of the resurrection at the risk of death. This is the theory of Strauss and Renan, with the difference that the former traces this dream to the Apostles in Galilee, the latter to Mary Magdalene in Jerusalem, saying that "the passion of a hallucinated woman gave to the world a risen God"! In Germany this vision theory has been long since thoroughly refuted in scholarly circles. Even Keim (*Leben Jesu von Nazara*) thinks that it is necessary to assume that Christ really rose, at least in spirit, to account at all for the marvellous revolution in the mind of the Apostles and for the founding of the Christian Church. But "The Bible for Learners" repeats this exploded hypothesis without even a perception of the amazing difficulties which it creates. According to Dr. Hookyaas, minister at Rotterdam, "the belief in the 'resurrection' was but the form assumed by the reviving faith of the disciples," and "forms a chapter of the inner life of the disciples, not of the outward life of the Master"; in other words, "it is not an external fact of history, but simply a form of belief assumed by the faith of his friends and earliest disciples" (III., p. 463). He differs from Strauss and Renan only in this, that he seems to date the belief from the disciples at Emmaus, and yet in the next breath doubts the very existence of such a place because it has not yet been satisfactorily identified by biblical archæologists.

This hypothesis requires us to believe the incredible—that many persons, singly and collectively, at different times and in different places, had the same visions and dreamed the same dream; that the women at the sepulchre early in the morning, Peter and John soon afterward, James the brother of the Lord, who did not believe in Him before (John vii. 5), the two disciples journeying to Emmaus on the afternoon of the resurrection day, the disciples on the evening of the same day in the absence of Thomas, and again on the next Sunday evening in the presence of Thomas the doubter, the disciples on the shore of the Lake of Galilee, on one occasion five hundred disciples at once, and at last the clear-headed, strong-minded persecutor Saul on the way to Damascus, that all these men and women on these different occasions vainly imagined they saw the self-same Jesus; and were by this empty imagination raised all at once from the deepest gloom in which the tragedy of the crucifixion had left them, to the boldest faith and the strongest hope which impelled them to proclaim the gospel of the resurrection from Jerusalem to Rome at the risk of their lives! *Credat Judæus Apella!*

And this illusion of the early disciples created not only the greatest revolution in their own views and conduct, but in the world and the history of mankind! This illusion, we are expected to believe by these unbelievers, gave birth to the most real of all facts—the Christian Church, which has lasted these eighteen hundred years, and is now spread all over the civilized world, embracing more members than ever, and exercising more moral power than all the kingdoms and all other religions combined! By trying to explain away the supernatural miracle of the resurrection, the rationalists and infidels of the day substitute an unnatural prodigy in its place. Instead of explaining the mystery, they leave it more inexplicable than ever.

The greatest of modern skeptics, the late Dr. Baur, the teacher of Strauss and the master of the Tubingen School, who could put half a dozen Oorts and Hooykaas into his vest pocket, felt this difficulty at the close of his life, and declared, after

thirty or forty years of incessant study and reflection, that he stood before the conversion of St. Paul as a psychological mystery which he could not explain without the miracle of the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Yes! Christ, the risen Christ, the Christ of the Gospels, the Christ of history, the Christ of faith, is the most real, the most certain, the most blessed fact; His atoning death and triumphant resurrection are the only solution of the terrible mystery of sin and death; and His life and example the only guide to purity and holiness. All attacks upon that rock have failed in the past, and will fail in the future. And of this Dutch book, too, it will be said, what Athanasius the Great, who stood *unus versus mundum*, said of Julian the Apostate: "*Nebicula est, transibit.*"

A LAYMAN'S VIEW OF READING AND PREACHING.

On the 2d of December, at a meeting of the Church Homiletic Society in the Chapter House of St. Paul's, London, Mr. Walter, M.P., read a paper on "Reading and Preaching from a Layman's Point of View," and which we find reported in the London *Times*. The main portion we give as an article *ad clerum*:

A very serious impediment to good reading is ignorance of the subject one is reading about. To read Shakespeare or any of our great poets and novelists well, one must have thoroughly mastered not only their language and style, but also their moral purpose and the relationships of the characters they bring on the stage in the poem or drama before us. We must realize, for instance, if we have not experienced, the foolish fondness of Lear; the heartlessness of his elder daughters; the unshaken affection of the younger, whose "voice was ever soft, gentle, and low"; the brutal selfishness of Edmund; the avenging loyalty of Edgar. We must have imbibed almost the very genius of the author before we can throw his spirit into our reading and adopt his language as our own. And if this be the case with profane literature, much more does it apply to Holy Scripture, in which every chord of human sympathy is touched by a Divine hand, every character of life painted with an unerring pencil, every disease of the soul detected and ministered to by an All-wise Physician. The story of God's everlasting purpose in the creation and redemption of our race is presented to us, as it were, in a series of tableaux, in which the final triumph of good over evil is perpetually shadowed forth, while the all-important fact of His personal providence is illustrated by a variety of episodes, like those of Joseph, of Job, of Daniel, of Elijah, in which we seem still to recognize "the voice of God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." When we add to this the still more wondrous record of God's manifestation in the flesh, in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our own interest in that event; how it has restored man to the image of God and made this life a school for immortality; and when also we bear in mind the power which our English version possesses of giving the utmost effect to the recital of these records of which human language is capable, it seems strange that good reading should be the exception instead of the rule, and that so little pains should be taken to cultivate so powerful an instrument of religious instruction. In old times the reading of Scripture was recognized as part of the office of preaching, and is now, as the very term "Scripture reader" implies, held to be a subordinate branch of that office. A well-read lesson is, indeed, a sermon in itself, and "Scripture itself," says Hooker, "is not so hard but that only the reading thereof may give life unto willing hearers."

But perhaps the simplest explanation of the phenomenon that good reading is so rare an accomplishment even among the clergy is to be found in the fact that it is not considered worth their while to aim at it. The art of oratory is far less cultivated now than in the palmy days of Greece

and Rome, when public speaking monopolized that control of public opinion which it now shares with the press, and when literature, in the modern sense of the word, was wholly unknown. The benefits which we derive from the inventions and appliances of modern civilization are not an unmixed gain. The use of note-paper and the steel pen—the tools of the penny post—has tended to cramp and spoil our handwriting, and I have no doubt that the invention of printing, while it has diffused and equalized the means of knowledge, has weakened the orator's power and diminished the necessity for his existence. I am inclined to believe that the art of reading, which is a branch of oratory, has suffered from the same cause. In olden times, before the schoolmaster was abroad, when the mass of the people were unable to read at all, and the Church Bible was chained to the desk, it was a matter of vital importance that the Scriptures should be read to the people in an earnest and impressive manner. It was their only chance of becoming acquainted with their contents and of having them impressed on their memory. In these days, however, when it is considered the duty of all not only to hear the Scriptures, but to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, it may possibly be thought superfluous to take much trouble about reading to the people what they can very well read for themselves; and thus the proverb that everybody's business is nobody's, may receive an unexpected fulfilment even at the lectern.

I will conclude this part of the subject by pointing out some of the means by which I think our public reading might be improved. First and foremost, the art of reading should be taught and cultivated at home while the voice is flexible, while a child can be more easily taught to recite from memory than to read from print, and before he has contracted the habits of gabbling in ordinary talk and sing-song in reading, which he is pretty sure to acquire at school, and of which it is so difficult to cure him. In former times those who had to gain their living by the use of their voice, took no small pains to cultivate it. "Quid est oratori tam necessarium," says Cicero, "quam vox? . . . quæ una maxime eloquentiam vel commendat, vel sustinet"; while he goes on to complain that the young men of his day could not be induced to give a fraction of the time to its cultivation which was bestowed upon it in the schools of Greece, whose tragic actors, he says, "et annos complures sedentes declamitant, et quotidie, antequam pronuntient, vocem cubantes sensim excitant, eandemque, cum egerunt, sedentes ab acutissimo sono usque ad gravissimum sonum recipiunt, et quasi quodammodo colligunt." In the next place, I would recommend the study of good models, yet with the proviso that they be studied not for the purpose of catching their tone and manner, but for the purpose of learning the difference between good reading and bad. In my Oxford days men used to attend service at St. Mary's in order to hear the Lessons read by John Henry Newman, and a treat it certainly was. With a voice neither rich nor powerful, but penetrating and plaintive, and modulated with the skill of a consummate musician, he brought out the tones of Scripture with an unerring flow of rhythm which almost rose to melody, and which filled the soul of the hearer with deeper sympathy with the pious resignation of Job, and with loftier aspirations in unison with the sublime utterances of Isaiah. Such, at least, was the impression which Mr. Newman left on my mind of his power as a reader; but, like other great masters, he had his school of imitators, who, in trying to copy him, acquired only the mannerism without the genius, and were only laughed at for their pains. A man's style of reading, therefore, should be the result of his natural powers, duly cultivated, but not formed upon an ideal model, or it will lack the quality of truth and simplicity which alone can give it due effect. Whether the practice of intoning, now so much in vogue, is conducive to good reading, is a point which ought to be well considered by young clergymen before they adopt a fashion which they may find themselves unable to throw off so easily as they can put it on. A man may intend only to intone the prayers; but by degrees the habit

masters him, and his congregation discovers, if he does not, that he is intoning the Lessons—which is intolerable. I will only add that good reading, like every other good gift, confers a double blessing, on the giver as well as on the receiver. There is no surer way of impressing the truths of Scripture on one's own mind than by reading them aloud to others. In the very act of doing so, passages often strike us with a force which we have never felt before; and thus, while striving to edify others, we gain fresh spiritual strength or comfort for ourselves. So much on the subject of reading.

With regard to preaching, a layman, in venturing to give his advice, must bear in mind that, though he may speak with the truthfulness and simplicity of Gil Blas, he may have among his hearers an Archbishop of Granada, and must be prepared for a moral, if not a physical, ejection from the room. "Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge," is one of those counsels of perfection which few, it is to be feared, attain to; and it is only with the view of making it more attainable by ordinary people, that I would dare to make any remarks upon preaching which might appear to savor of criticism. Dean Swift, in his letter to a young clergyman, advised him to get "some intimate and judicious friend to be his constant hearer, and allow him, with the utmost freedom, to give him notice of whatever he finds amiss, either in his voice or gesture"; but I observe that the Dean does not extend this freedom of criticism to the matter as well as to the delivery of the sermon, and I therefore conclude that he knew that this would be an ordeal too severe for human nature to bear. I cannot help thinking, however, that the want of some such purifying process in the education of a young preacher is a serious loss to him. Consider the circumstances of his position. From the time he takes Holy Orders, at the age of 24 or 25, till the time he takes his seat as a Bishop in the House of Lords, he is never under the fire of contradiction, except at a Church Congress, or a Diocesan Conference, or possibly at home. He may say what he pleases in the pulpit without fear of encountering that hostile criticism which awaits every other public speaker, whether in Parliament or at the Bar. Hence he is sometimes tempted, like other privileged persons, to express opinions which his more experienced hearers know to be wrong, but which they are not at liberty to challenge. He may palpably misinterpret or misapply texts of Scripture—as probably most of us could testify—or he may introduce political or scientific topics in terms which at once plunge his hearers into the cauldron of the Eastern Question or the mazes of the Darwinian theory. In the meantime the members of his congregation whom he has thus unwittingly offended have nothing to do but either nurse their wrath for an explosion as soon as they get out of church, or, what is better, endeavor to learn that lesson of patience which George Herbert prescribes as a sovereign remedy for sermons without sense. But if the clergy, from this point of view, may be considered the spoilt children of the learned professions, it must be confessed, on the other hand that they rarely abuse their privilege, and that they are more liable to err from excessive reticence than from the opposite failing to which I have referred. At the same time it might do no harm if the bishops sometimes reminded the younger clergy in their charges that they are a privileged class; that their exemption from criticism in respect of their pulpit oratory is a source of temptation against which it behooves them to watch, and that, as it is in the highest degree indecorous in a layman to indulge in that habit of thinking aloud, by which congregations are sometimes scandalized, so it is their duty not to give occasion to such a scandal by using language in the pulpit calculated to provoke it.

It may savor of presumption for one who has had no experience in the composition of sermons to lecture an assembly of preachers on such a subject; and, indeed, there is probably nothing new to be said about it; but I will endeavor to state some of the chief points which appear to me to deserve the consideration of young preachers:

1. The object of a preacher should be to rivet the attention of his hear-

ers, to prevent them from going to sleep or thinking of other matters, and to impress some moral or doctrinal truth on their minds. To effect this, his manner must be impressive, serious, and earnest; it must carry with it the evidence of his own sincerity, and must proceed out of the fulness of his heart. The secret of good preaching must be learnt, if I am not mistaken, on the knees. It is only when a man has probed the wounds of his own moral nature and found the remedy for them by meditation and prayer, that he will be able to minister to the spiritual diseases of others: to "read to them their thoughts," as has been said by a great master of the art, "and comfort them by the very reading; to tell them what they know about themselves, and what they do not know; and to make them feel that there is a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that they see."

2. In preaching to a mixed congregation a clergyman should use homely language, and not attempt a style above the capacity of his hearers. In the words of a great master of English, "A divine has nothing to say to the wisest congregation of any parish in this kingdom which he may not express in a manner to be understood by the meanest among them." In confirmation of this I will mention an anecdote which I heard the other day of Archbishop Whately—that he made a point of submitting the proofs of any work which he proposed to publish to one of his daughters, in order to ascertain whether its meaning was perfectly intelligible, and whether it was possible to express it in clearer language. I am not saying that it is wrong to address a learned audience in more scientific language than would be suitable to a country congregation; but I have no doubt that even the magnificent University sermons of the late Dr. Mozley could be translated into language which would make them intelligible to the humblest audience; and I think it would be a good exercise for any young clergyman to try the experiment.

3. The parochial clergy may be described as the "general practitioners" of their order. They bear the same relation and about the same proportion to the clerical profession that the country doctors do to the pure surgeons and the physicians in the sister art of medicine. It follows that though there may be a large amount of general ability among them, yet few may possess the peculiar qualities which can enable them to excel as preachers. The weekly sermon is an operation requiring considerable skill and experience; and with the care and worry of a large parish, few men can find time for sufficient study and meditation to keep them up to the mark in that special branch of their calling. "A preacher," says Bishop Bull, "must have knowledge not only to spend, but to keep; not like those that live from hand to mouth, or whose stock of knowledge is quickly spent in a few sermons, but he must have something still reserved and laid up in store." A man must either keep sinking his well deeper, or pouring into it fresh streams of knowledge, or he will soon find himself pumped dry, as a young clergyman not long ago told me was the case with himself while he recounted the hindrances to study which had beset him while a curate.

4. I would strongly recommend young clergymen to keep as closely as possible to the subject of their text, and develope its meaning, and endeavor to throw light upon it. A layman is apt to go away disappointed, if he finds that the text was only selected as a peg whereon to hang a discourse upon something quite different from the doctrine or practice it was intended to enforce. I will give an example of what I mean. Once upon a time—I will not say where—I was attending the service in one of our cathedrals. The preacher chose for his text part of the Epistle for the day, taken from the third chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians: "If there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law," and the following verse. Now this was a text, as I think every one will admit, calculated to whet a hungry layman's appetite, and to raise his expectation to a considerable pitch. It is undoubtedly a very suggestive, as well as comprehensive, text, embracing, as it does, the whole of the relations between the Old Dis-

pensation and the New. But I doubt if it ever occurred to St. Paul that the chief use which a preacher would one day make of this passage, would be to show how wonderfully appropriate was the position which the Epistles held in the English Prayer Book; but this was literally all that I was able, with the utmost attention, to gather from that sermon, and I need not say that I went away feeling as empty as I came. I would also warn them against the too common mistake of perpetually harping upon some favorite doctrine, and importing it needlessly into almost every sermon. The constant attempt to enforce particular doctrines, especially of a speculative or controversial character, is apt to set the mind working in the opposite direction, and sometimes produces the contrary effect to that contemplated by the preacher. A remarkable instance of this is mentioned by Robert Hall. "An excellent man," he says, "was so impressed with the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, that he made it the constant topic of his ministry. Every sermon he preached was crowded with proofs or answers to objections relating to this important topic, and the result was that most of his hearers became Arians and Socinians."

5. And lastly, I would recommend all clergymen to cultivate the habit of speaking instead of reading their sermons. I am not advocating what is called extemporary preaching, because I cannot believe that any sermon can require less preparation than an after-dinner speech; and that, as some of us know by experience, requires enough to spoil a good dinner. But a preacher cannot keep his eyes constantly fixed upon his book, or only raised from it at intervals, without losing that hold on his audience which is only secured when eye, tongue, and hand alike appeal to our hopes and fears and "enforce attention like sweet harmony." One has only to imagine how an advocate would fare with a jury if he were to read a written defence on behalf of his client, however cleverly prepared, in the presence of a rival who used all the arts of a speaker to engage their sympathy, in order to appreciate the difference between the two styles of address. "*Verba enim neminem movent, nisi cum qui ejusdem linguæ societate conjunctus est; sententiæque sæpe acutæ non acutorum hominum sensus prætervolant. Actio, quæ præ se motum animi fert, omnes movet, iisdem enim omnium animi moribus concitantur, et eos iisdem notis et in aliis agnoscunt, et in se ipsi indicant.*" *Cic.* "*De Or.*" I fear, however, that our pulpits themselves have something to answer for in this matter, and that no great improvement in pulpit oratory is likely to occur till they are altered. I will not go so far as to say what I once heard an American preacher say, that "pulpits were the invention of the devil"; but the fact thus roughly expressed is that to be cabined, cribbed, confined in a wooden or stone box a few feet above the ground, with a brass bookstand in front, and a pair of candlesticks on each side, is not the most favorable position for giving that full expression to the impulses of the soul which the attitude of a preacher towards his hearers requires. For delivering a set of lectures on some theological dogma, or even for a bare exposition of Scripture, a pulpit, or even a chair, may suffice; but when speaking to the souls of men, it seems to me that the whole person of the preacher should be visible to his congregation, or the effect must be that of a bust speaking, rather than a full-length figure. A clergyman told me the other day that the pulpit in his church being under repair, they rigged up a platform on the top of the pews, and that he found it a far more comfortable position for preaching.

When we think how the incoporeal soul is joined to the body, so that of two is made one man, we shall the more easily receive the notion of the incorporeal Divine substance, being joined to the soul, in the body, in unity of Person; so as that the Word is not turned into flesh, nor the flesh into the Word; just as the soul is not turned into body, nor the body into soul.—*Alcuin.*

A HOPEFUL YEARNING.

The following has something more than its eloquence to recommend it. The Rev. Dr. Shaw is a prominent divine of the Presbyterian denomination, having pastoral charge of a large congregation in Rochester. He has introduced some portions of our service in the stated worship of the Lord's day, and thus expresses the yearning of his heart for what the Presbyterians have unfortunately lost. The extract is from his fortieth anniversary sermon:

The Church, if she would fulfil her mission, must avail herself of the riches which her children during all these ages have been gathering for her. How rich the Church is in hallowed memories, how rich in good books, how rich in philanthropic institutions, how rich in great names, how rich in the blood of her martyrs, and especially how rich in those hymns and anthems and prayers which bring, as it were, the departed saints back to our assemblies, so that those who are here and those who are there can worship God once more in the same transporting strains. And that is the reason I cling with a growing tenacity to those sublime bursts of praise which come echoing down through the ages. The litany, do you think I will ever consent to give that up? the "Gloria in Excelsis," do you think I will ever let any man or any church rob me of that? And the noblest of them all, the "Te Deum Laudamus," why, I cling to that as I cling to the blessing which my dying mother left me. No modern hymns, however beautiful or grand, can ever take the place of these. I want the hymns that cheered the pilgrimage of the saints in the olden times; I want the hymns that the martyrs sang on their way to the stake. When I sing I would have Polycarp and Chrysostom and Ambrose and Augustine, and all the worthies of the Apostolic age sing with me. Dearly beloved, it is impossible for the Church to make another "Te Deum." Before we can make such an anthem as that, we must reverse the wheels of time, we must have the shadow on the dial go backward, we must recall the dead, we must rekindle the fires of persecution, we must restore the martyr age, we must arouse the rushing mighty wind of pentecost, and awaken the lingering echoes of the angelic song. We must go to the manger, as the wise men present their offerings; we must visit the sepulchre, while the angels still sit in their appointed places; we must reach the brow of Olivet before the cloud and the Master have passed quite out of sight. I hope the day is coming when the great and noble Church to which I belong, the Church of my father and my mother, will discover that she has unwittingly given up part of her dowry, and when she will consent to use those forms and symbols of worship, which are the common birthright of all the saints. I have long thought that our Presbyterian worship is, for the most part, too bare and bald a thing. I think that at the least we might have responsive reading, and that we ought, as little children, to gather around the feet of our Father and say the Lord's Prayer together. It would not hurt us one bit to have some liturgical forms, and thus secure that variety and that uniformity which are alike essential elements of true worship. And if, dearly beloved, in saying this, you imagine I am becoming an Episcopalian or a Romanist, or anything else but a Presbyterian, true, if not blue, you miss the mark. It is just because my own Church is so dear to me, that I want her to avail herself of those riches which her children in all ages have been gathering for her.

To penetrate the mark of commonplace circumstance and familiar indifference that spreads between the rich and the poor; to show them governed by the same passions, subject to the same needs, and crushed by the same sorrows, as their more fortunate brethren; to find in the death of a vagrant as great an element of pathos as in that of a Cæsar; in a word, to show that the same heart beats beneath frieze, fustian, and broadcloth coats—this, at any rate, is a legitimate sphere for art, and one in which its very highest qualities may find fitting exercise.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

FROM COUNTRY TO CITY.

The following article by Dr. Holland, in the January *Scribner*, was suggested by a letter inquiring about the chance for a young man in New York. It will perhaps answer the questions of many others who are turning their thoughts, if not their faces, cityward:

It is presumable and probable that there arrives in New York city every day a considerable number of letters from the country, making inquiry concerning what it is possible for a countryman to do here in the way of business, and asking advice upon the question of his removal to the city. Every citizen of New York, with country associations, is applied to for information and counsel with regard to such a "change of base," and the matter seems worth the few words a careful and candid observer may have to say about it.

It is well, at the beginning, to look at the reasons which move people to a desire to make the change. The first, perhaps, are pecuniary reasons. A man living in a country town looks about him and can discover no means for making money in a large way. Everything seems petty. The business of the place is small, and its possibilities of development seem very limited. A few rich men hold everything in their hands, and a young man, with nothing for capital but his youth and health and hope and ability, feels cramped—feels, in fact, that he has no chance. His savings must be small and slow, and a life-time is necessary to lift him to a point where money will give him power. It seems to him that if he could get into the midst of the great business of the world he could find his chance for a quicker and broader development of wealth; and in this connection, or with this fancy, he writes a letter to his city acquaintance, asking for his advice upon the matter.

Another is smitten by a sense of the dryness and pettiness of the social life he is surrounded by in the country, and the small opportunities he has for personal satisfaction and development. To be able to live among picture-galleries and in the vicinity of great, open libraries; to have the finest theaters and the most attractive concert-halls at one's door; to be where the best minds reveal themselves in pulpit and on platform in public speech; where competent masters stand ready to teach every science and every art; to live among those whose knowledge of the world is a source of constant satisfaction and culture; to be at the very fountain-head of the intellectual, social, and politico-economical influences that sweep over the country; to feel the stimulus of competition and example, and to live in an atmosphere charged with vital activity,—all this seems such a contrast to the pettiness and thinness and insignificance of village life, that the young man, realizing it, sits down and writes to his city friend, inquiring what chance there would be in the city for him. The country seems small to him; the city, large. He feels the gossip that flutters about his ears to be disgusting and degrading; and chafes under the bondage imposed by his neighbors through their surveillance of, and criticism upon, all his actions. He wants more liberty, and for some reasons would really like to be where he is less known and less cared for.

There is still another class of country people who long for a city life, and whose aspirations and dispositions are very much less definite and reasonable than those to whom we have alluded. They are not so particular about business or about wealth, nor do they care definitely about superior social privileges, or about the culture more readily secured in the city than in the country. They are simply gregarious. They like a crowd, even if they have to live in a "mess." They are so fond of living in a multitude that they are willing to sacrifice many comforts to do it. Once in the city, no poverty will induce them to leave it. They have no interest in life outside of the city. These usually get to the city in some way without writing letters of inquiry.

Now, it has probably surprised most inquirers to receive uniformly discouraging answers to their questions. For, indeed, no man knows the trials of city life but those who have left quiet homes in the country

and tried it. The great trial that every man from the country experiences on coming to the city, even supposing he has found employment, or gone into business, relates to his home. His thousand dollars a year, which in the country would give him a snug little house and comfortable provision, would get him in the city only a small room in a boarding-house. The two thousand dollars that would give him something more than a comfortable home in the country, would give him in the city only a better boarding-house. The three thousand that would give him in the country a fair establishment, with horses for his convenience and amusement, would in the city only give him a small "flat" in a crowded apartment-house, and the five thousand in the country that would give him the surroundings of a nabob, would only pay the rent of a house on Fifth Avenue. The country rich man can live splendidly on from five to ten thousand dollars a year, while the city rich man spends from twenty thousand to fifty thousand dollars a year.

City incomes look large, but relatively to city expenses they are no larger than the country incomes. The man who lives in the city has experienced the remediless drain upon his purse of the life which he lives, and feels that the risk which a business man runs of coming into unknown circumstances is very great. He feels that unless his country friend knows just how he is going to meet that drain, he will be safer where he is.

City life is naturally merciless. It has to take care of itself, and has all it can do to meet its own wants. If a man from the country comes into it, and fails, he must go to the wall. Friends cannot save him. A city looks coolly upon a catastrophe of this kind, for it is an every day affair, and the victim knows perfectly well that he can neither help himself nor get anybody else to help him. So the city friend, knowing the risks and the needs of city life, dreads to see any country friend undertake them. Then, too, the faithful records of city life show that the chances are largely against financial success in it.

The man of society who is attracted from the country to the city usually fails to calculate his own insignificance when he encounters numbers. The man of social consideration in the country needs only to go to the city to find so many heads above his own that he is counted of no value whatever. "Who is he?" "What is he?" and "What has he done?" are questions that need to be satisfactorily answered before he will be accepted, and even then he will need to become a positive force of some sort in society to maintain his position. City society is full of bright and positive men and women, and the man and woman from the country bring none of their old neighborhood prestige with them to help them through.

To sum up what the city man really feels in regard to the coming of his country acquaintance to the city, it would not be far from this, viz:

1. The chances for wealth are as great, practically, in the country as in the city, and the expenses of living and the risks of disaster much less.

2. The competitions of city life and the struggles to get hold of business and salaried work are fearful. No man should come to the city unless he knows what he is going to do, or has money enough in his hands to take care of himself until he gets a living position or becomes satisfied that he cannot get one. Even to-day, with the evidences of renewed prosperity all around us, there are probably ten applications on file for every desirable place, and no man living here could help a friend to a place unless he could create one.

3. That the social privileges of the city may be greater, while the opportunities of social distinction and the probabilities of social consideration are much less than they are in the country.

4. That in many respects there is nothing in the city that can compensate for the pure pleasures of country scenery and country life and neighborhood associations.

5. That a city man's dream of the future, particularly if he ever lived in the country, is always of the country and the soil. He longs to leave the noise and fight all behind him, and go back to his country home to enjoy the money he may have won.

[For The Church Monthly Magazine.]

A NEW YEAR'S CONVERSATION.

'A happy New Year, dear mother!' said Mrs. Peters' children, running to meet her, as she called them into her dressing-room for their usual morning chapter and talk.

Their mother returned the greeting—'And may it prove a happy New Year indeed to all of you,' she added, taking her accustomed seat, while the four children grouped themselves about her.

After reading in turn the lesson for the day, which was the first chapter of Genesis, the Bibles were closed, and as Nelly put them away she remarked

'I like New Year's day; it is so nice to begin fresh with everything. It makes no difference what I did in the past year; I always forget it, and feel as if I could do better in the next one.'

'Why is that, mamma?' asked Debby. 'And why does one always feel on Monday morning as if it would be so much easier to behave better this week than last?'

'But I always feel that way *every* morning,' interposed little Nanny; 'so glad to be through with a disagreeable yesterday, and have a fresh one in its place.'

'Ah!' said their mother, 'little Nanny is the wisest, in not looking forward beyond the present day; and we would all do well to follow her example. Let us begin with this very day to improve in our behavior, and do everything better than we did last year. Let us each resolve to overcome some particular fault before the close of the year, and thus gain one step in our path to heaven, for we cannot stand still in that path; if we are not steadily advancing we are going back. Let us strive to grow wiser and better as we grow older, even as our Saviour "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."'

'Mamma,' asked Julia thoughtfully, 'do you not say something like that every morning, when you read Family Prayers—"that as we grow in age we may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?"'

'Yes,' replied her mother, 'it occurs in the prayer which is called "A dedication of soul and body to God's service, with a resolution to be growing *daily* in goodness." I remember to have read somewhere that it is a wise provision which has divided our time into equal portions; that it is the present only with which we have to do; and that if one moment be not well spent, instantly pray for pardon and grace to spend the next one better. In other words, to take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves. So let us take the year by its days, the day by its minutes, and if we do nothing else, we shall acquire that habit of constant watchfulness and prayer which is the Christian's greatest safeguard.'

'But don't you think it hard, mamma,' asked Nelly, 'to be very good in the afternoon when you have done something very naughty in the forenoon? The day always seems spoiled when that happens, and I feel cross till I can begin a new one.'

'I am sorry to say,' said her mother, 'that I have often noticed such to be the case; and I sometimes hear it remarked of children that they have "put the wrong foot out of bed," or "got out on the wrong side of the bed," or in some way began the day wrong. But it is a great mistake to acquire the notion that the day is spoiled by one wrong act, and that it

is therefore of no use to try further. It seems to me too much like ill temper, like saying "If I can't have my day entirely good, I won't have any of it good." Now let me advise you, on the next such occasion, to resolve instantly that you will amend, after you have confessed your sin and prayed for grace to enable you to resist temptation in future. I fear that my little daughters have thus far had too much confidence in their own strength to overcome evil, or I should not be pained by hearing that they all agree to forget their spoiled yesterdays, and begin every new morning so certain of success. The remembrance of a bad yesterday should make them doubly careful to-day.

'I suppose that is the trouble,' remarked Nelly sagely; 'but I always feel smart enough, when I first get up, to do everything, all by myself.

'If you would each read over more attentively the prayer I have spoken of, and try to keep it in mind throughout the day, I think it will be a help,' said their mother; and taking up the Book of Common Prayer she read slowly and impressively the following:

"And since it is of Thy mercy, O gracious Father, that another day is added to our lives; we here dedicate both our souls and bodies to Thee and Thy service, in a sober, righteous, and godly life; in which resolution do thou, O merciful God, confirm and strengthen us; that as we grow in age we may grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But, O God, who knowest the weakness and corruption of our nature, and the manifold temptations which we daily meet with; we humbly beseech Thee to have compassion on our infirmities, and to give us the constant assistance of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may be effectually restrained from sin, and excited to our duty."

V. W.

[Written for The Church Monthly Magazine.]

IN THE COUNTRY.

-N-O-W! snow, snow everywhere. The hills are white, and the roads are blocked. Fences and crops are covered; every twig and branch of the trees and shrubs is loaded with the soft white covering.

"O what is so fine, so soft, or so bright,
As a wreath of the new-fallen snow!
It seems as if brushed from the garments of light,
To fall on us mortals below."

What is there to say of the snow which has not already been well said? And yet it is the striking feature of this month, and its purity and loveliness have always the charm of newness.

One must indeed be blind to all that is beautiful, who does not look with rapturous admiration on the first snow-fall of the season. How gently the light flakes float down and cling one upon another, till the bit of bare, frozen ground in front of the house is covered with a blanket as delicate as pure, and as pure as marvellous—marvellous when one takes the pains to examine each tiny flake by itself. A thousand different forms are seen—no, over one thousand, the English traveller, William Scarsby, tells us; and for the satisfaction of the Thomas

Gradgrinds of the world it is necessary for one to keep to "facts" in making statements of this kind. Mr. Scarsby, who made in his time such a complete study of these forms, classified them, making five different kinds. He says that it is rare to find more than three of these kinds at once, as the conditions regulating the occurrence of each figure are probably very different.

Let it be enough, however, on this gloriously cold day, to examine only a few that I have before me. This feathery flake which has fallen on the dark paint of the window-sill has six delicate fern-leaves, each one as perfect as the beauties which were found in the woods last Summer. Here is the next—six needles joined at one end, so as to look like six spokes of a wheel. But as I look the flakes fall faster and faster, till I am bewildered and turn my eyes away, to rest them on the heavily-laden branches of the pine-trees.

What is more beautiful in a snow-storm than a pine-tree? All the cold December days it has been cheerful in its rich, glossy garments, and its gentle sighing reminds one pleasantly of the tossing ocean waves. Beneath its branches, bending with their crystal burden, the ground is bare, and here the chickens, who dislike this beautiful snow, are huddled together for warmth, and better to withstand the fierce Winter wind. They have taken "E pluribus unum" for their motto, and united they stand; and the two gallant cocks, who seem bound at other times to keep up an incessant quarrel as to who shall be king, have suspended hostilities and stand gloomily together, endeavoring to protect their families from the fast-falling flakes and the fierce north wind, which is fast driving the white particles even into their snug retreat.

Here just at their right is a flock of snow-birds, diligently hunting for stray seeds on the old weed-stalks, which the snow is fast covering up. They are heedless of the wind, and appear rather to enjoy the falling crystals. How dainty these birds are in all their movements. They toss their dark, capped heads with a careless grace, and flutter their little wings with a coquettish air, as a pretty woman with easy indifference arranges her drapery. They are silent little creatures though, at least at this season, and are too intent on their search for a breakfast this morning to indulge in much conversation on any subject. They have been with us some time, these tiny white-breasted little creatures, and have learned the ways of the place very well. They know the exact spot where the chickens are fed, and with all their delicate, pretty costume, and their dainty, well-bred ways, are not too proud to gather up the crumbs which the larger domestic birds have left. They have learned, too, the very best mode of entering the pile of cornstalks which is heaped up by the barn, and seem to have found there very comfortable lodgings for the Winter.

Do not think that the snow and the snow-birds, beautiful and interesting as they both are, are all that is to be seen here in the country these mid-Winter days. It does not always snow, and one is obliged often to recognize the truth of the old adage,

> "When the days begin to lengthen,
> The cold begins to strengthen."

The days have indeed grown visibly longer since the holidays are over, and the bright starlight nights shorter, and the cold is strong in proportion. Old Jack Frost (as our democratic people are wont to style the Frost King of the North) has nipped the house-plants, taken for a mid-

night meal the best of the apples, has cracked the water-pitchers and frozen their contents hard, and has done all sorts of mischief; but in return for this he has given us endless beautiful pictures to look at. Every morning one is made to recall the old story of "Claude and the Frost Maiden," and one feels assured that the old Frost King has sent them during the night to show sparkling, beautiful pictures of the land where he is ruler. There are mountains and rocks and old turreted castles and pine-trees and ferns; there are trailing vines and stars and all sorts of geometrical figures mingled in the most chaotic fashion, on the window-panes. They are dissolving views, however, for no sooner does the morning sun (grown stronger and ruddier of late) try to look on the beautiful pictures, than they vanish away. No sooner are the thick curtains drawn aside, and the cheering warmth of the fire begins to make itself felt, than they fade altogether from the sight, leaving but the clear, blank squares of glass; but there is the pleasure left of hoping for even more beautiful things to-morrow.

Though the crystal visions fade, the familiar out-of-door scene is still before me. The hills are more beautiful now in their snow-covering than ever they have been before. Perhaps it is that the snow always makes what is good still better, and perhaps it is because there is human life in the picture now, for these are just the sort of hills for coasting, and a troop of girls and boys are taking advantage of the weekly holiday, and are spending the merriest sort of a Saturday morning possible. Up the long slope the light sleds are drawn, only to go skimming down again the very next moment. O how swiftly they fly! None of the little party mind the snow-flakes which are falling any more than the birds did. They scarcely notice them. Now there is a hearty, childish laugh, as one unlucky fellow is left sprawling on the whitened ground, while his sled has gone on without him to the level field below. There is a clapping of red mittens and a volley of snow-balls. There are loud hurrahs when a dozen boyish antics are gone through with. Now the attention of the company is turned to a snow-man which is fast being built up at the summit of the hill. Then the only fun seems to be in snow-balling this unfortunate individual till his rather square-looking head, which did not at first seem very securely placed, has been shot off. Now one of his arms has gone, and the other seems likely to follow soon; and all this is done with such joyous shouts of laughter, such a pleasant Babel of voices, that one is inclined to think that Winter sports are best after all, and that Summer, with all its wealth of foliage, has nothing which can compare with this gloriously cold Winter-day; but no!

"Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth
In her fair page: see, every season brings
New change to her of everlasting youth."

The world is ever full of loveliness, and the new-born year has covered all that was rough and harsh in the old by its blanket of snow. There are no angles left, nothing which offends the eye; all is one glittering, fleecy, undulating mass of whiteness: glorious, brilliant, beautiful, reflecting the golden rays of the sun, and making the whole world one glare of brightness.

KATHARINE M. MARCH.

Keep only such pride as shall ever rise above all taint of falsehood and meanness, and gain you that true dignity—a stainless name.

Editor's Portfolio.

While complaint is frequently made of the clergy that they "preach over the people's heads," did it ever occur to any one that congregations may sometimes like to have the preacher fire over their heads? The following incident we have from good authority: In a certain city a divine of much learning and a good preacher made it a point to have his discourses intelligible to all his congregation. Whatever his theme, he meant that every hearer should understand him. He labored with much acceptance. But in time there was called to the pulpit of one of the denominations, not far from his church, a man who had obtained a kind of celebrity as an attractive preacher. Our friend's congregation grew smaller, particularly at the evening service. Determined to ascertain the secret of his rival's attractiveness, he one evening quietly entered the house of worship, and taking a back seat, listened attentively. His impression of the speaker was that he was neither learned nor talented. The sermon was illogical and rambling, but it abounded in large and unfamiliar words, and with phrases moulded somewhat after the fashion of the transcendentalists of that day. Our dominie went home, and after thoroughly pondering the matter concluded to try an experiment. He wrote a new sermon, but instead of fashioning it as had been his wont, he Carlyled it, and Emersoned it, and Germaned it, and Frenched it, until, as he said, he hardly understood it himself. On the following Sunday morning he had an unusually attentive congregation. After the close of the service some of the prominent laymen and a few of the vestry lingered. They beckoned to each other. They whispered together. At length they went to the vestry-room, where, expressing their satisfaction at the morning's discourse, they informed the doctor that they had come to ask a copy for publication!

Dr. Holland's letter in the January *Scribner*, which we give elsewhere, does not meet all the cases of city-seekers. We have time and again received letters from esteemed friends in the country asking us to aid them in obtaining employment in the city for their sons. With every desire to assist them, we have not, in more than one case that we can remember, been successful. Boys and young men living in or near the city, and therefore having all facilities for procuring situations, find themselves unable to do so. They can board at home, and therefore do not require as large wages as boys coming from a distance. Still the result is the same. There are thousands upon thousands of competent young men and lads, of good habits and good parentage, who respond daily to advertisements, who tramp the streets in search of openings, who have friends to aid them, and yet are idle, because no situation can be found. Instances of this kind have come under our personal observation.

But the young men who do obtain employment, have no easy berths. We will sketch from actual life a few examples. Young Mr. A——, living two miles from the wholesale dry-goods store in which he is employed at *three* dollars per week, has his breakfast at half-past 6 o'clock, and as soon thereafter as possible, is at his place, unpacking, packing, putting away goods, keeping tally, assisting in loading, &c., until 7 o'clock

in the evening. In the more busy season, his labors are protracted until 9, 11, or even 1 o'clock at night. Several times during the year, he does not go home at all, but takes what sleep he can on a pile of dry goods. After two years, his salary is raised to four dollars a week; another year it is five, and he is not required to be at the store until 8 o'clock, but his work is as severe as ever.

Another young man living several miles from the city, must be in town at 8 o'clock. In the store, or tramping the streets, overhauling and packing bundles, and carrying them—all for three dollars per week, and with no prospect of an increase—describes his situation. His car-fare costs him $1.75, but he boards at home.

We could multiply instances of which we have personal knowledge, but there would be too much sameness in the stories to render their repetition agreeable. In the retail business, probably all stores close at 9, 10, and 11 P. M. during the busiest season, and some at 9 all the year through. Life for young men in business situations in New York, means work — hard, constant, and vigorous—with low wages; it means mind and body wearied at night, demanding early rest, and not very often admitting of the enjoyment of the higher and more healthy class of entertainments.

The youth whose home is in or near the city, when not too much wearied, can spend his evenings with friends, or in such enjoyments as are accessible and desirable. He has the society of his parents and brothers and sisters. But the young man from the country, even should he secure a situation where the wages will give him a support, or should he have means of his own on which to live—such a person, with no home society or influence, is exposed to just such traps as are laid for just that class of young men. He is exposed to temptations of which one living at home in the city may pass years in ignorance—unless he seeks them.

But for all this, city life has its fascinations. But let village or farm life be made attractive; let home be made the dearest and happiest spot; let there be healthful and innocent entertainments, with opportunities for improvement and culture; and let the surroundings be made, if practicable, picturesque and beautiful—and the tide of youthful longing will be turned from the city to the country.

The Hebrews in this city are solving the Public School problem in a way of their own—the only way, we think, in which it can ever be solved. Their children attend the public schools at the regular hours. But at four o'clock P. M. there is a session of the Hebrew parochial schools, at which are taught Hebrew reading, translation into English of the Hebrew Bible and prayers, Biblical history, Hebrew grammar, and singing. This session lasts until six P. M. There is also another session from six to eight P. M. No pupils are admitted except those regularly attending the public schools, the object being merely to supplement, not to supplant, the education received in the public schools. May not the example of these Hebrews be worthy of consideration? Let each denomination have its own parish school, the daily sessions of which shall be either before or after those of the public school, thus confining the religious instruction to the former, and the secular education to the latter, and

all reasonable scruples, one would think, would be at once removed. The daily instruction of the children would be both religious and secular; the children passing from one department to the other. But the obstacle in this case, it may be said, would be the expense. But each pastor could certainly, either in person or by deputy, spend an hour a day in instructing the children of his own flock in the Catechism or some other branch. If we must have public schools and be taxed to support them, and if yet we insist upon having religious and secular education combined, we must be willing to take upon us the burden of whatever trouble and expense the case may demand.

One of our city Dailies closes a notice of a recent meeting for the conversion of the Jews with a story that Dr. Wolf of London, who had been engaged in the same work, had stated that his society "had been at work ten years, had spent $500,000, and had converted one Jew and a half." Of course the story will be laughed at, and perhaps believed. But it is about time that this sneering at one of the most important departments of Christian missions should come to an end. Here are some facts which will probably open the eyes of some persons:

Seven years ago the converted Jews on the continent numbered 20,000. The Christian Israelites in Berlin alone number 2,500, of whom 24 are professors in the University. Three thousand have been baptized in Russia during the past few years. In England 3,000 Anglo-Jews have been converted. They are to be found among all classes of society, and many of them are distinguished in the financial world, in the Church, in the legislature, and in the learned professions. Four converted Jews have been made Bishops in the Church of England, and more than one hundred, presbyters. In our American Church we have made one Christian Jew a bishop — Schereschewsky of China; and we believe another Bishop is also a converted Jew. A number of clergymen in our own Church and the denominations around us, are converted Jews. These facts are not to be put down by a sneer.

That Mr. John Ruskin is thoroughly honest and earnest, no reader of his can doubt. That he entertains ideas which may justly be classed as radical, some of his later writings on politics, art, society, and religion, clearly show. He has won for himself unnumbered admirers, and drawn forth from many quarters a merciless criticism. And even his greatest admirers are not his unquestioning followers. But they are so much indebted to that great and good man for thoughts and discourses that are pure, elevating, and ennobling, that they still love him even when he utters that which they cannot but regard as utterly impracticable, as unwarranted by facts, or as the utterances of a morbid feeling of disgust with the defects and follies of the age.

The December number of the *Contemporary Review* contains several letters addressed by Mr. Ruskin to the clergy. They contain some ideas impracticable, some not sound, and some radical. The following language will at least be admitted to be "strong":

I wonder how many, even of those who honestly and attentively join in our Church services, attach any distinct idea to the second clause of the Lord's Prayer, the *first petition* of it, the first thing that they are ordered by Christ to seek of their Father?

Am I unjust in thinking that most

of them have little more notion on the matter than that God has forbidden "bad language," and wishes them to pray that everybody may be respectful to Him?

Is it any otherwise with the Third Commandment? Do not most look on it merely in the light of the Statute of Swearing? and read the words "will not hold him guiltless," merely as a passionless intimation that however carelessly a man may let out a round oath, there really *is* something wrong in it?

On the other hand, can anything be more tremendous than the words themselves—double-negatived:

οὐ γὰρ μὴ καθαρίσῃ . . κύριος?

For *other* sins there is washing; for this, none! the seventh verse, Ex. xx., in the Septuagint, marking the real power rather than the English, which (I suppose) is literal to the Hebrew.

To my layman's mind, of practical needs in the present state of the Church, nothing is so immediate as that of explaining to the congregation the meaning of being gathered in His name, and having Him in the midst of them, as, on the other hand, of being gathered in blasphemy of His name, and having the devil in the midst of them—presiding over the prayers which have become an abomination.

For the entire body of the texts in the Gospel against hypocrisy, are one and all nothing but the expansion of the threatening that closes the Third Commandment. For as "the name whereby He shall be called is the Lord our Righteousness," so the taking that name in vain is the sum of "the deceivableness of *un*righteousness in them that perish."

Without dwelling on the possibility—which I do not myself, however, for a moment doubt—of an honest clergyman's being able actually to prevent the entrance among his congregation of persons leading openly wicked lives, could any subject be more vital to the purposes of your meetings than the difference between the present and the probable state of the Christian Church which would result were it more the effort of zealous parish priests, instead of getting wicked *poor* people to *come* to church, to get wicked rich ones to stay out of it?

Lest, in any discussion of such questions, it might be, as it too often is, alleged that "the Lord looketh upon the heart," &c, let me be permitted to say—with as much positiveness as may express my deepest conviction—that while indeed it is the Lord's business to look upon the hearts, it is the pastor's to look upon the hands and the lips; and that the foulest oaths of the thief and the street-walker are, in the ears of God, sinless as the hawk's cry, or the gnat's murmur, compared to the responses, in the Church service, on the lips of the usurer and the adulterer, who have destroyed, not their own souls only, but those of the outcast ones whom they have made their victims.

It is for the meeting of clergymen themselves—not for a layman addressing them—to ask further, how much the name of God may be taken in vain, and profaned instead of hallowed—*in* the pulpit, as well as under it.

Those who denounced the preposterous stories of saint-miracles, winking madonnas, &c., as Roman frauds, used to be told that the faithful were not bound to believe them. They stood upon their own merits, and those who could not receive the testimony were not required to do so. But this was before the decree of Infallibility, and when Roman Catholic writers were accustomed to stamp the doctrine of Papal Infallibility as "a Protestant lie." But now what if the Pope makes the testimony of one of these impostors an authority for a doctrine, and thereby virtually asserts the truth of some of these preposterous stories? On Sunday, Nov. 23d, as we learn from the Paris correspondent of *The London Times*, the Pope received 500 representatives of the League of the Apostolate of Prayer—an organization which promotes devotion to the Sacred Heart. He eulogized that devotion as the front rank of means of salvation. After enumerating the blessings and bene-

fits of such worship, he added "This is what we are told and assured by the heroine of the Sacred Heart, the blessed Marguerite of Alacoque." One has but to learn the history of this personage, as told by her own devout disciples, to form his own conclusion.

Grateful for kind expressions from every quarter, assuring us that a long felt want is met by the CHURCH MONTHLY MAGAZINE, we trust our friends will aid in extending its circulation, which a little interest and effort will enable them to do. We mean to make it a welcome guest in the family, an efficient aid to the pastor, and for the young, a substitute for less profitable literature. We begin this month, a serial, by an old contributor under a new signature.

NEW YORK CITY.—A course of lectures under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, is in process of delivery in this city. The first was delivered on the evening of St. Andrew's day, by the Rev. Dr. Washburn; the second on the following Sunday, by the Rev. C. C. Tiffany; the third on Sunday, Dec. 14th, by the Rev. F. Courtney. The lectures were well attended, a number of Hebrews being present. The Society is doing an excellent work among the Jews, and is greatly encouraged by its success.——From the following statement, taken from a city Daily, it appears that our own Church has the largest number of Sunday-schools: "Connected with the various Protestant denominations in this city are 335 Sunday-schools. Of these 75 are Episcopalian, 70 Presbyterian, 57 Methodist, 44 Baptist, 20 Reformed, 15 Lutheran, 7 Congregational, 6 Universalist, 5 Quaker, 4 Unitarian, and 2 Moravian. There are also 26 Union Sunday-schools and 4 which are classed as miscellaneous."——On Friday, December 19th, in St. Thomas's church, Bishop Potter ordaind to the priesthood the Rev. Edwin B. Rice, and to the diaconate George H. Anderson, formerly a Methodist minister in the New York East Conference; and J. B. Morse, for twenty-two years a Baptist minister in this city.——The Rev. A. V. Wittmeyer has accepted the charge of the French church, Du St. Esprit in this city.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Rev. Charles H. Malcom, D.D., formerly of the Baptist denomination, and lately secretary of the American Peace Society, was admitted to Deacon's Orders by Bishop Clark, in Grace church, Providence, on the 17th of December.

MARYLAND.—The rector of the Epiphany, Washington City, has abolished the Christmas tree. Instead of *giving* the children presents, he encourages them to *bring* presents—flour, chickens, turkeys, shoes, dry goods, tea, coffee, sugar, and other like things—for the *poorer*.——Bishop Pinckney has inhibited the Rev. A. G. Mortimer, assistant in St. Luke's church, Baltimore, from further officiating in the diocese.

MINNESOTA.—On Sunday, Nov. 7th, the twenty-third anniversary of the opening of Gethsemane church, Minneapolis, the Rev. Dr. Knickerbacker rector, was celebrated.

MICHIGAN.—Through the liberality of Mr. Joshua W. Waterman of Detroit, Mich., who has paid off the $16,000 indebtedness of Grace church, in that city, the Rev. Dr. Stocking, the rector, has been enabled to announce that the consecration of the edifice will take place on the 7th of January.——Emmanuel church, Detroit, celebrated its fifth anniversary on the 23d inst.

Massachusetts.—At a convocation held in Lawrence, the Rev. Dr. Baird, lately a Presbyterian minister, was confirmed. He is soon to become a candidate for Orders.

Connecticut. — Trinity church of Thomaston, having lately undergone extensive repairs, was reopened by the Bishop on Sunday, Nov. 23d.

Pennsylvania. — Bishop Scarborough, acting by invitation of Bishop Stevens, on Saturday, Nov. 1st, in St. Stephen's church, Clifton, ordained Mr. William W. Taylor to the diaconate.

Central Pennsylvania.—The family of the late Judge Packer are about to place in St. Mark's church, Mauch Chunk, a memorial reredos. The rector, the Rev. M. A. Tolman, preached his tenth anniversary discourse on Sunday, Nov. 23d.

Illinois.—St. John's church, Lockport, was consecrated on the 19th of November.——The Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Chicago, was consecrated Wednesday, Dec. 10. The sermon was by Bishop Doane of Albany.

Vermont.—On Wednesday, Dec. 3d, Bishop Bissell advanced the Rev. Jas. M. Fulton, deacon, of St. Thomas's church, Brandon, to the priesthood. Dec. 4th the Bishop consecrated Grace church, Rutland.

New Hampshire.—A memorial window of the late Dr. J. H. Eames, for twenty years rector of St. Paul's church, Concord, was unveiled in that church on the second anniversary of his last official acts in that parish.

Long Island. — Bishop Littlejohn confirmed three sick persons in St. John's Hospital on Saturday, Nov. 29th.——The church of the Redeemer, Astoria, was consecrated on Thursday, Dec. 4th.——Trinity church, East New York, the Rev. J. I. Elsegood rector, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on Sunday, Nov. 23d.——The church of the Resurrection, Richmond Hill, celebrated the fifth anniversary of its consecration on Thursday, Dec. 18th. The missionary committees of Queens county met at the same place in the afternoon, when the Rev. Dr. Hall of the church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, delivered an address on the subject of missionary work among the colored people.——The Rev. Dr. Jacob W. Diller, for thirty years rector of St. Luke's church, Brooklyn, has been made, by the unanimous consent of his church, Pastor-Emeritus. Dr. Diller is seventy years of age, and finds the duties of his large parish, which has been built up by his own labors, to be beyond his strength. ——St. John's church, Huntington, by the liberality of a member of the congregation, is to become a free church, beginning at Easter.

Foreign.—The sentence pronounced against Mr. Mackonochie, was on Sunday, Nov. 23d, affixed to the north door of St. Alban's church, Holborn, but was immediately pulled down by an indignant parishioner. The wardens officially protested against the notice, on the ground that the sentence was pronounced by a court wholly secular. Immediately thereafter the Rev. Mr. Sinclair, the Bishop's chaplain, arrived, and Mr. Mackonochie was notified that this gentleman had been sent by the Bishop to take charge of St. Alban's, Holborn, during Mr. Mackonochie's suspension. Mr. Mackonochie thereupon read a paper protesting that he felt it his duty to God to refuse to recognize Mr. Sinclair or any other person as entitled to supercede him. The parish had been committed to his charge in the regular order of Christ's Church, and no court had the right to take away

what God had thus given him. Mr. Sinclair then declared that he had done his duty in presenting himself according to the Bishop's order, and would now retire. The interview was characterized by much courtesy on both sides. The morning service then proceeded according to the ritual which had been condemned by the court.——At a meeting of the English Church Union, the resolution deprecating any change in the Prayer Book being under consideration, a member asked if the Prayer Book sanctioned any of the Romish usages which had of late been introduced. If not, on what ground could they protest against changes of any kind when the Union itself had sanctioned the innovations? Archdeacon Denison denied that the practices referred to were Romish, and said that the Ornaments Rubric covered everything. The Archdeacon then stated that he would issue a declaration for signatures in every parish, which would show the true feeling of Churchmen in England on the question of altering the Prayer Book.—— The work of restoring the choir of Canterbury Cathedral having been finished, that part of the edifice was opened on Monday, Nov. 18th. A crowded congregation was present. The Archbishop preached.——On the 30th of October the Cathedral of St. Mary, Edinburgh, was consecrated. Among those present on the occasion we notice the name of the Rev. Dr. Nevin of the American Church in Rome. In the afternoon sixteen sycamore trees were planted by the representatives of sixteen Sees. A cedar was also planted by the Rev. Dr. Nevin.——Bishop Tozer has been appointed to the See of Jamaica, West Indies, and has gone to his Diocese.——The English Church Association, desirous of avoiding the imprisonment of the contumacious rector of St. Alban's (Mackonochie), has decided in favor of instituting a new suit, the object of which will be the deprivation of Mr. Mackonochie on the ground of his present contempt. Should this suit succeed, the living of St. Alban's will become vacant, and the patron will appoint a new incumbent, evicting Mr. Mackonochie by the aid of the sheriff, if necessary.——The Synod of the Episcopal Church of Scotland has passed a resolution which by implication reflects on the Bishop of Edinburgh, who recently took part in an Old Catholic communion service of Berne, Switzerland. The following is the resolution: "That this Synod declares, without reference to anything past, that no Bishop of this Church is authorized to recognize any body of Christians not recognized by canon as in communion with ourselves, unless it be after deliberation and assent of the Bishops in Synod."

It has been thought that forks were used by mankind in eating food at a very recent period in history. But the art of eating with a fork is proved to be a revival of a very ancient one. The fork is by no means an invention of modern times. Lately, in the débris of the lake-dwellings, forks evidently designed for table use have been discovered. They were made of bone. The spoon is a still more ancient instrument.

THE SEA UNDOING ITS WORK.—Monmouth Beach, Dec. 19.—In the year 1812, near the present site of Monmouth Beach Life-saving Station, a sedge-meadow bank extended out nearly to the sea. The site of the station was nearly a quarter of a mile from the sea. After the recent storm it was found that the sand which had so long covered the clay had been washed away, and the imprints of hoofs of oxen and horses and tracks of wheels were plainly seen, and fragments of farm implements were dug out of the hard mud.

Editor's Book Table.

A Ministry of Health and other addresses. By Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., M.A., LL.D., F.S.A., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and Honorary Physician to the Royal Literary Fund. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 549 and 551 Broadway. 1879.

It is refreshing, in these days, to listen to a man of science who is neither materialist nor agnostic, but apparently an old-fashioned Christian. No man stands higher in his own profession than Dr. Richardson, and he has honored both himself and his profession by his "Homily Clerico-Medical," first delivered before the (English) Homiletical Society, and reprinted in this volume from the Clergyman's Magazine. This address is on the relations between clergymen and physicians, and the ways in which they can coöperate for the benefit of men. But a Christian tone of thought, without being obtruded, is plainly perceptible in the other eight addresses contained in the volume. He opposes cremation on strictly scientific grounds, showing that burial is more in the line of nature's processes and economies; and that cremation, by rendering it impossible to learn from the remains the causes of death, would often defeat the efforts of justice, and so offer an incentive to crime. He is down on all alcoholic drinks, taking almost extreme ground against their being of any possible benefit, under any conceivable circumstances. He enters a sensible protest against the system of competitive examinations, and all forcing processes in education. These were bad enough, he says, when applied to the stronger sex. But if growing females also, the future mothers of the cultivated class, are to be subjected to these terrible testing-strains, he almost despairs of humanity. He has had many patients, in his personal experience, who had been broken down by over-strained methods in education. The address on "A Ministry of Health," is a demand for a new cabinet officer, to take charge of the Department of Public Health. The creation of such a department, and of a system of registration of disease, with special reference to epidemics, their causes, their prevention, and their cure, is the great step in advance which he thinks society ought to take for its own preservation. Scarcely less necessary is a more vigorous, more wise, and more beneficent, control of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks. And this is a reform quite as much needed in the United States as in the mother country.

Studies of the Greek Poets. By John Addington Symonds, author of "Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe." In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880.

This seems to be a thorough, learned, and valuable discussion of the Greek poetic literature, from Homer and Hesiod, and the Philosophic, Gnomic, and Lyric Poets, through the Tragic and Comic Dramatists, down to the Idyllists of Sicily and the Epigrammatists of Alexandria. But the book, which might otherwise have been acceptable to all scholars, is disfigured by much "tall talk," in the second volume at least, about the coming culture which is to cull out the good of Christianity and other religions, rejecting their "Mythology," and profit by the Hebraic, the Hellenic, and every other "spirit" that the manifold genius of *man* has hitherto produced. Among rejected

"Mythology," he denies in toto original depravity and the fall of man, and relies on the progress of scientific research to construct a true philosophy of human nature. Verily science, in these days, is of a valiant and hopeful mind! We give his concluding sentence: "Will not the men of the future look back with wonder on the ages in which religion, philosophy, and the science of nature were supposed to be at war, instead of being, as they will be then, one system?"

THE SHORTER EPISTLES, viz: of Paul to the Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, and Philemon; also of James, Peter, and Jude. By Rev. Henry Cowles, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

The author of this Commentary dates from Oberlin, Ohio. We suppose him to be an orthodox Congregationalist. His expositions are written in a plain, popular style, and seem for the most part sensible, and from his point of view, moderate and liberal. Their chief defect is one common to sectarian theology: that it considers everything an open question. The individual is entitled on every point to give an individual opinion. His opinions may be unconsciously modified by the atmosphere in which he has been brought up. But they are not consciously controlled, as a Churchman's are, by the ruled faith of the Universal Church. Thus, our author seems to be a believer in the absolute Divinity of the Son of God; but having quoted a passage from Bishop Ellicott, he makes in a foot-note the following strange remark: "This assumes that the relation of sonship is eternal, and is not merely the result of the Incarnation—an assumption which to say the least admits of grave doubt." After that specimen, an educated Churchman can have little respect for Dr. Cowles as a theologian. He cannot understand that Baptism is anything more than an outward administration of water; whereupon he (very properly under that assumption,) denies to the rite any spiritual operation upon the soul. He refuses to believe that our Lord preached to the spirits in Hades, but explains the text (1 Peter iii. 19) of His having preached to the Antediluvians by the instrumentality of Noah. Yet he is not a bigoted Calvinist or a bigoted Congregationalist. On 1 Timothy iii. 1, he says: "The term 'bishop' is here in the parochial, not the diocesan sense. . . . If at this stage in Church development there were any diocesan bishops, Timothy would be the man." Very much as a Churchman would talk, leaving out the "if." The best thing in the volume is a vigorous demolition of Canon Farrar's flimsy and rhetorical book, "Eternal Hope." This is given as an Appendix, and is well worth reading. He seems to believe in a future millennium, before the General Judgment, but agrees with most of the recent Church expositors in considering St. Paul's "Man of Sin" as a personage hereafter to be manifested.

THE CHURCH BUILDER: An Illustrated Quarterly Journal of Church Extension in England and Wales. 1878. London: Rivingtons. New York: Pott, Young & Co.

We are again glad to obtain sight of this little Quarterly. This volume, which comprises the numbers for the whole year, bound, contains but 214 pages 8vo, and yet it gives, besides an account of the various works of building and restoration going on in England and Wales, a description of interesting structures in other parts of the world, and discussions of questions which arise with regard to material ornamentation and

other matters connected with church-building. There are twenty-one illustrations.

A CHRISTIAN PAINTER of the Nineteenth Century; being the Life of Hippolyte Flandrin. By the author of "A Dominican Artist," "Life of St. Francis de Sales," etc. Rivingtons, of London, Oxford, and Cambridge. Pott, Young & Co., New York. $2.50.

This book is not, strictly speaking, new; yet we have much enjoyed its perusal. Like its predecessor, the "Dominican Artist," it is a testimony to the living power of Christianity still, in an age when the infidel philosophies strive to chill all spiritual emotion, when they tend to demoralize literature, and destroy the highest and truest art. Hippolyte Flandrin died in 1864, in the 55th year of his age. So he was strictly a man of our times, yet Fra Angelico himself scarcely worked with a more sincere devotion to God's glory, or with a more simple, loving, reverent, and child-like spirit. His best work was done in the interior decoration of churches, choosing his subjects after the manner of the Painters of Raphael's time, and vieing with them in the grouping, the color, and the expression. "Pictorial Litanies" one calls the lines of saints, of martyrs, and of virgins, painted on the walls of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, at Paris. Beautiful work of his exists also in the Chapel of St. Severin, in the Church of St. Germain des Prés, in the Church of St. Paul at Nimes, and in a church at his native city of Lyons. Flandrin was always modest and retiring, yet his merits gained the highest recognition. The Queen of Louis Philippe, who had just lost her oldest son, burst into tears before his picture of the "Mater Dolorosa" in the exhibition of 1845. Napoleon III. had a portrait painted by him, and he was to have painted Pius IX., had not his early death prevented. He was also to have painted the interior of Strasburg Cathedral. Much of the interest of this volume is in the artist's own letters to his mother, his brothers, to Ingres, his beloved master, and to other friends. The record of his early struggles, of his studies at Paris and Rome, of his journeys amid beautiful nature and treasured works of art, of his successes and triumphs, of his principles and views, makes a charming book. "They aim at organizing freedom of teaching," he writes to Ingres respecting the French Academie, "as though 'Le pour et le contre' given both at once could create anything but doubt. I believe that there, as elsewhere, it is a duty to teach nothing save incontestable truths; or, at least, such as are upheld by the highest examples, and endorsed by ages." And again: "It is not doubt which will teach men, it is affirmation of truth; and for this reason I will take no part in a teaching which is without principles or belief."

Captain J. H. Merryman gives in the opening paper of the January *Scribner* a faithful and spirited account of the 'United States Life-saving Service.' The illustrations by Mr. M. J. Burns add that interest which only good drawings can, and help to throw a halo of romance around the hardships of our coast guardsmen in every detail of their humane work. The excellent paper, 'Success with Small Fruits,' by E. P. Roe, is the next article. Following that, 'A Young Artist's Life in New York,' by William H. Bishop, illustrated by the Salmagundi Sketch Club. *Scribner's* always takes an interest in artistic matters, and it is seldom that a month passes without its giving us something amusing, interesting, or full of information

about art and artists. Mr. Bishop's paper may be placed among the best of these articles. 'The Acadians of Louisiana,' illustrated by Mr. A. C. Redwood, is full of odd bits of information about the Cajuns, told by Mrs. R. L. Daniels, who has had opportunity to observe their habits. The poets of this month are R. H. Stoddard, Julia W. Howe, R. W. Gilder, Henry Terrell, and Julia K. Wetherill. One of the most amusing papers of this well-filled number, is the lively account of a practical joke, given in a short story called 'A "Personal," and what came of it.' There is another short story, additional chapters of the serials, and several other papers of more or less interest.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. Charles F. Roper, 62 Duane street, again publishes his 'Christian Year Kalendar for the People.' It is in a very convenient form, each page containing all the days of the week, with the lessons, &c. It is made to be suspended, and the pages after being used are turned to the wall.

But here our commendation ends. A certain class of saints are omitted from the American Calendar. Why, then, print them in a 'Kalendar for the People'? True, they are retained in the English Calendar, but the days are not observed in the English Church as holy-days; they are not expected to be; they are actually *prohibited* from being so observed. They were retained either because they marked the return days of certain courts of justice, or for some purely local reason. Their observance was forbidden because some of these so-called saints did not bear the best character, and the biographies of others were fabulous.

The editor of this Kalendar further quotes the 'Ornaments Rubric' as being 'the law which governs the English and American Church as to matter of detail in conducting the service' (as though it had never been questioned whether that is even now the law of the English Church). And his authority for declaring what is disputed in England as being the 'law' in the American Church, is that passage in the Preface to the American Prayer Book which states that the revisers had not departed from the Church of England 'in any *essential* point,' although they declared in the same Preface that they embraced the occasion to make a further review of the service, besides adapting it to this country, 'and to establish such other alterations and amendments therein as might be deemed expedient.'

In this 'Kalendar for the People,' instructions are given how the priest should bless the people at the close of the Communion Office: 'In giving the blessing, the priest holds up the right hand, open towards the people, and makes the sign of the cross at the words, The Father, ✠ the Son,' &c. There are also instructions in other matters of a like nature.

"The Church Monthly Magazine is a new candidate for the favor of all good Episcopalians. The first number (December) appears in a neat, gray-tinted cover, and on turning over its sixty odd pages of excellent matter for the Christian family, the Sunday-school, the children, etc., and coming to the close, we discover the modest announcement of our old friend, Dr. William A. Matson, as its conductor. As the former editor of *The Church Journal* and other publications of the Episcopal Church, Dr. Matson is well known and greatly esteemed for his ability and high Christian character. We bid him welcome in this new field, and wish him abundant success."—*The New York Evangelist.*

HOLY DAYS IN JANUARY.

The Circumcision, Jan. 1.

The year opens with the festival of the Circumcision. The promise to Abraham was "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." Christ therefore, by submitting to the ordinance of Circumcision, was declared to be of the seed of Abraham. It was unnecessary either that Christ should be baptized or circumcised: for He was God, and above all law. But with the words "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness," He submitted to John's baptism. And because He would be made "obedient unto the law," He submitted to circumcision—not for His own, but for others' sake. And when in Him all the law was fulfilled, it passed away.

But at the circumcision, His name was given Him. With us a name is but an arbitrary designation—to distinguish one person from another. But in times of old a name marked some characteristic of the person, or commemorated some incident attending his birth. Adam signifies clay, and his name served to keep in the mind of the lord of creation his humble origin. Isaac signifies laughter—the son, in his very name, telling the story of his mother's incredulity. Moses signifies taken out of the water. And so when the son of Nun, appointed to lead the chosen people to the promised land, became a type of Him who was to lead His own people to the heavenly Canaan, his name, which at his circumcision was simply Oshea, was changed to Jehoshua, afterwards contracted to Jeshua, or Joshua. Oshea signified savior. The change in the name altered its signification to God the Saviour, which was equivalent to saying "This is the person by whom God will save His people." But Joshua was the same as Jesus—the name given to our Lord for the reason assigned by the angel: "He shall save His people from their sins." There is power in that Name. Uttered by authority, diseases were healed, and demons were expelled. Prayer, to be availing, must be offered in that Name. Let us begin the New Year in Jesus' Name.

Epiphany, Jan. 6.

The word Epiphany is Greek, signifying manifestation, and was given to the festival which commemorates the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles by the leading of a star. Wise men in the East saw in the western sky a heavenly luminary bearing the appearance of a star. Tradition had preserved among them the prophecy of Balaam, "A star shall arise out of Jacob." Heathen as well as Jew were anxiously looking for the coming of the Great Deliverer. This unusual appearance in the sky is regarded by these Magi as indicating the birth of the long-expected One. They follow its guidance until they reach Jerusalem. There they apply to Herod, with the inquiry "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him." He refers them to the chief priests and scribes, who declare that the Christ must be born in Bethlehem, according to the prophets. The strangers take their way thither, the star guiding them to the place of the Nativity. They worship the Child, and present their gifts—gold in testimony of His royalty, frankincense in token of His divinity, and myrrh in allusion to the sorrows which He, as Redeemer, was to endure.

Conversion of St. Paul, Jan. 25.

"Saul, also called Paul," was in early life instructed in the religion

and learning of the Hebrews—Gamaliel, the most learned man of that day, being his instructor. Zealous for the faith of his fathers, he early entered upon the work of persecuting that "sect everywhere spoken against." He witnessed the death of the first Christian martyr, St. Stephen, and kept the raiment of the suborned witnesses while they stoned him. Armed with authority from the Sanhedrim, he proceeds to Damascus, to prosecute his purpose of crushing the new heresy; but on his way he is arrested by a supernatural light, and a voice proclaiming to him that in persecuting Jesus, he was persecuting the Lord. Struck with blindness, he is led to Damascus, where, though three days a penitent, and three days exercising faith, he is not pardoned until in baptism his sins are washed away. He becomes an apostle, and that zeal which before manifested itself in attempting to destroy, is now directed to building up the faith of Christ. Sea and land are traversed; cold, nakedness, shipwreck, bonds, imprisonment—all are most cheerfully endured by him who counted himself less than the least of all the Apostles, because he had persecuted the Church. But the grace of God was all-sufficient, and by it he could say "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." He was beheaded by order of Nero, June 29, A. D. 68.

Sunday School Lessons.

As recommended by the Members of the several Committees on "Uniform Sunday School Lessons," appointed by the Bishops of the Dioceses of New York, Long Island, New Jersey, Central New York, Ohio, and Southern Ohio, and by the Committees representing the Diocese of Massachusetts and the Sunday School Association of Philadelphia.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

His Love for Children.

Text to be Learned: SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT: FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD. St. Luke xviii. 16.

THE LESSON—St. Mark x. 13–16.

13. And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.
14. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.
14. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.
16. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

The young children were not brought to Christ to be healed of any infirmities, but that Christ might "touch" them. St. Matthew says "that He should put His hands upon them, and pray." An act of this kind done by one of exalted piety and station, was not regarded as a mere form in Scripture times. The patriarchs blessed their children, laying their hands upon them, and the words uttered on such occasions either actually bestowed or prophesied "blessing." The parents of these children desired to obtain for them such benefits as might be secured from the benediction of our Lord. And if the act of blessing by patriarchs was not a mere form expressive of affection, we may be sure that when Christ

touched the children, and blessed them, that act was not a mere form, but conveyed substantial spiritual benefits. When Christ now, through the authorized ministers of His Church, in His own appointed Sacrament, "touches" the little ones brought to Him, we may not regard this as a mere form, but as the conveyance of actual blessing where there is no bar to prevent or impediment to nullify it.

The rebuke of the parents by the disciples was probably because they looked upon their Master as having matters of more important concern to attend to. The one destined to rescue his countrymen, as they supposed, from bondage to their foreign master—the one sent to fulfil all the glorious prophecies about the Messiah—had too weighty matters upon his mind to pause and touch infants. But the Lord was displeased, and desired that the children should be permitted to come to Him. The reason assigned is remarkable: "Of such is the kingdom of God"; "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." A loving trust that "thinketh no evil," a clear sight that looks straight at what is brought before it, an innocence of evil intent, are the characteristics of one who would receive the kingdom of God as a little child.

The kingdom of God which Christ came to establish on earth, is His Church. And His declaration with regard to children, that "*of such* is the kingdom of God," ought, one would think, to be a satisfactory reply to those who deny baptism to infants. If the kingdom of God is "of such," it seems preposterous to maintain that "such" should not be allowed to enter therein. But if it be said that our Lord merely meant to say that those of a childlike disposition only are fit candidates for His Church on earth, the reply is, Who are they who possess that disposition so thoroughly as children themselves?

In His Sermon on the Mount, our Lord pronounced a blessing upon all who were poor in spirit, the meek, the persecuted for righteousness, and others. But when He blessed individuals, there was an outward sign, or gesture. When He blessed the little children, He "put His hands upon them." In like manner was blessing pronounced and bestowed under the patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations. There was no commission given, or authority, or blessing bestowed, but through some "outward and visible sign." And yet the grace was not in the sign itself, but in the word and power of God. But if He ordained an "outward sign and gesture" for the conveying ministerial authority or sacramental benefits, can they who insist upon the observance of such appointed ways, be justly charged as being formalists?

QUESTIONS.

1. Why were the young children brought to Christ? "That He should touch them."

2. What would His touch mean? A blessing.

3. When one person blesses another, what does it mean? A wish, or prayer, for the good or happiness of the person blessed.

4. When God blesses, what does it mean? A real good or happiness given.

5. How did the disciples treat those who brought their children to Christ? They rebuked them.

6. Did our Lord rebuke them? No. He said "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not."

7. What reason did He give? "For of such is the kingdom of God."

8. How are infants admitted into the kingdom of God on earth? By baptism.

9. Who did Christ say should not enter into the kingdom of God? "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter therein."

10. What does receiving the kingdom as a little child, mean? With purity, with simplicity, and feeling one's own helplessness, and need of God's strength.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

11. May not God's blessing be conveyed by men? Yes, when God empowers them to convey it. See Num. xxvi. 23–27.

12. What inference is drawn in the baptismal service from the act of our Lord on this occasion? "Doubt ye not, therefore, but earnestly believe that He will likewise favorably receive this present infant; that He will embrace him with the arms of His mercy; that He will give unto him the blessing of eternal life, and make him partaker of His everlasting kingdom."

13. What does the expression "kingdom of God," or "kingdom of heaven," mean? The reign, dispensation, or administration, of Jesus Christ. It sometimes denotes eternal bliss (Matt. vii. 21, xix. 14); but sometimes, and more frequently, the Church of Christ on earth.

14. What, then, are we to infer from our Lord's saying of children, that "of such is the kingdom of God"? That they are to have the privilege of admission into the Christian Church.

15. What did the Lord do to the children who were brought to Him? He took them in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.

THE COLLECT.

Almighty God, who hast given us Thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon Him, and as at this time to be born of a pure virgin, grant that we, being regenerate, and made Thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by Thy Holy Spirit, through the same our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the same Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

THE CATECHISM.

You said that your sponsors did promise for you that you should keep God's Commandments. Tell me how many there are? Ten.

Which are they? The same which God spake in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, saying, I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have none other gods but Me.

Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and show mercy unto thousands in them that love Me, and keep My Commandments.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

His Teaching at the Well.

Text to be Learned: LET HIM THAT IS ATHIRST COME. AND WHOSOEVER WILL LET HIM TAKE THE WATER OF LIFE FREELY. Rev. xxii. 17.

THE LESSON—St. John iv. 5–14.

5. Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph.
6. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well. (And it was about the sixth hour.)
7. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink.
8. (For his disciples were gone away unto the city to buy meat.)
9. Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.
10. Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.
11. The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water?
12. Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?
13. Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water, shall thirst again:
14. But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

The region known as Samaria, lying between Judea and Galilee, our Lord must necessarily pass through on His journey to the latter district. His way lay near the city of Sychar, which is the same as Sychem, or Sechem, mentioned in Gen. xxxiii. 19 and Joshua xxiv. 32. It was the sixth hour—not, as by the Jewish computation, 12 o'clock at noon (for the Gospel of St. John was addressed to persons not familiar with the language or customs of Israel), but at 6 o'clock in the evening—"the time of the evening, even the time that women go out to draw water" (Gen. xxiv. 11). Here our Lord, being weary with the journey, sat down by Jacob's Well. A Samaritan woman came to draw water. With the Samaritans the Jews held no intercourse, except on matters of necessary traffic. There was a reason for this. When Shalmaneser carried the inhabitants of this region into captivity, he left remaining but a few of the weaker populace, and sent there heathen colonists. These in time intermarried with the remaining Jews, and thus was formed a mixed race, who with the worship of the true God, blended many idolatrous rites. When the Jews were restored to their country, they found this semi-idolatrous people inhabiting Samaria, and refused all intercourse with them. This Samaritan woman therefore naturally expressed her surprise when a Jew addressed her, asking a favor. The Lord replied "If thou knewest the gift of God, and Who it is that saith to thee, Give Me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." The woman had no idea of any but a literal meaning in these words, and made her reply accordingly: "Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep. From whence hast Thou that living water?" Jacob had caused this well to be dug, not because there were not other wells and springs near by, but as they were used by other herdsmen than his own, and there might be contention between them, he purchased the land, and provided water for "himself, his children, and his cattle." The descendants of Jacob naturally held the spot in veneration, and the woman asks, with possibly a touch of indignation, "Art Thou greater than

our father Jacob, who gave us this well?" Understanding Him to speak in literal sense only, she virtually said "If Thou canst procure water without drawing, or hast better water, Thou art greater than our father Jacob." Our Lord now speaks more plainly, and tells her of the water of everlasting life, which He alone could give. Still she does not understand Him, until He afterwards grants her an evidence of His prophetic power, by disclosing a part of the history of her life.

"If thou hadst known the gift of God, and Who it is that saith unto thee, Give Me to drink." To the woman the Saviour was only as a way-worn, fatigued, and soiled traveller. Nothing in His appearance or surroundings gave indication that He was the Eternal Son of God, in whom alone was the gift of eternal life. "If thou hadst known." May it not often be that in the house of God, and in the Sacraments and other appointed means of grace, we see only the outward form, nor realize Who it is that in and through these is speaking to us?

QUESTIONS.

1. Where is Samaria? Between Judea and Galilee.

2. By what other names is Sychar known in Scripture? Sychem and Sechem.

3. Where do we find an account of the gift of this land by Jacob to Joseph? In Gen. xlviii. 21, 22.

4. Where were the disciples when our Lord arrived at Jacob's Well? They "were gone away into the city to buy meat."

5. What did Jesus say to the Samaritan woman? "Give Me to drink."

6. Why was the woman surprised that He should ask such a favor of her? Because the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, except necessary buying and selling.

7. Why was there no dealing between these two people? Because the Samaritans were partly idolaters, while the Jews worshipped the true God.

8. What did our Lord mean by offering to give living water? That He alone could give grace for holiness in this world, and eternal life in the next.

9. Did the woman understand Him? No. She supposed He meant water to drink.

10. What did she mean by asking "Art Thou greater than our father Jacob?" She meant that as Jacob made that well for the use of "himself, his children, and his cattle," any one who said he could give water without drawing from that well, pretended to be greater than Jacob.

11. How did He seek to make His meaning plain? He said "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

12. Is the exact position of Jacob's Well known at this day? Yes. Its identity is not doubted by any. Travellers constantly visit it, as being the actual place where our Lord conversed with the Samaritan woman.

13. What hour of the day is the sixth hour? Among the Jews the first hour is our six o'clock in the morning. The third hour corresponds with our nine o'clock, and the sixth with our twelve o'clock. But St. John's Gospel was written in Asia, where the time is reckoned as with us. The

sixth hour in verse 6, therefore, is the same as our six o'clock in the afternoon.

14. What account have we of the origin of the Samaritans? 2 Kings xvii. 24–33.

15. How could our Lord, who was divine, be wearied and hungry? Because He was truly man, as well as truly God.

THE COLLECT.

O Lord, we beseech Thee mercifully to hear the prayers of Thy people, who call upon Thee, and grant that they may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE CATECHISM.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work; thou, and thy son and thy daughter, thy man-servant and thy maid-servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

He Heals the Centurion's Servant.

The text to be Learned: OF A TRUTH I PERCEIVE THAT GOD IS NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS; BUT IN EVERY NATION HE THAT FEARETH HIM AND WORKETH RIGHTEOUSNESS IS ACCEPTED WITH HIM. Acts x. 34, 35.

THE LESSON—St. Luke vii. 1–10.

1. Now when he had ended all his sayings in the audience of the people, he entered into Capernaum.
2. And a certain centurion's servant, who was dear unto him, was sick, and ready to die.
3. And when he heard of Jesus, he sent unto him the elders of the Jews, beseeching him that he would come and heal his servant.
4. And when they came to Jesus, they besought him instantly, saying, That he was worthy for whom he should do this.
5. For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue.
6. Then Jesus went with them. And when he was now not far from the house, the centurion sent friends to him, saying unto him, Lord, trouble not thyself: for I am not worthy that thou shouldest enter under my roof;
7. Wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee: but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed.
8. For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.
9. When Jesus heard these things, he marvelled at him, and turned him about, and said unto the people that followed him, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.
10. And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick.

At Capernaum, in the district of Gennesaret, on the western shore of the Sea of Galilee, was a Roman garrison, under the charge of a centurion, or "captain of a hundred." This Roman, though a heathen by birth and education, was no doubt one of those who felt the emptiness of the heathen religion, and its utter inability to meet the wants of the soul. Like others, he had become a proselyte to the Jewish religion, and had built a synagogue. He also shared the prevalent belief that there was about to appear a great Deliverer. A favorite servant was sick, and apparently near death. Hearing of Jesus, he sent to Him the elders of

the synagogue, beseeching Him to come and heal his servant.

St. Matthew, relating the same transaction, states that the centurion came to our Lord with this request. But there is no real discrepancy: for in Scripture, as well as elsewhere, persons are often said to do what they commission others to do. These elders, to strengthen their appeal, stated the centurion's love for the nation.

Our Lord went with them. But the centurion, reflecting, no doubt, upon the greatness of Him who possessed from God such power to heal, and fearing that he had done a presumptuous act in asking Him to go out of His way to bestow such a favor, sent friends to Him, saying "Lord, trouble not Thyself: for I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof." Then drawing an analogy between their two positions, he explains: I also hold a position of authority. I can send those under me to do my bidding. It is not necessary for me to execute my own wishes in person; my word sent, answers my purpose.

Hence it is not necessary for a Great Prophet to enter the roof of one so unworthy; His word will suffice. The commendation of the Lord was that among the descendants of Israel—the children of promise, the covenant people of God—He had not found faith equal to that of this Gentile. The Lord sent the word, and the servant was healed immediately.

QUESTIONS.

1. What was a centurion? A captain, or commander, of a hundred soldiers.

2. Why did he send to Jesus? Because a servant whom he loved "was sick, and ready to die."

3. Whom did the centurion send? The elders of the Jews.

4. What does an elder mean? An old man.

5. Who were these elders? Probably officers of the synagogue.

6. What did these elders do when they came to Jesus? "They besought Him instantly, saying that he was worthy for whom He should do this; for he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue."

7. What is here the meaning of the word "instantly"? Earnestly or ur gently.

8. What was a synagogue? A house of prayer.

9. What message did the centurion send when our Lord went on His way to heal the servant? "Lord, trouble not Thyself: for I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof."

10. How did the centurion explain his message? As he, a man in authority, did not do his own errands, but sent his orders by servants, so Christ, having authority from God, need not come Himself to cure the sick, but might send word by others.

11. What did our Lord say of the centurion's faith? "I have not found so great faith—no, not in Israel."

12. What did the elders find when they returned? They "found the servant whole that had been sick."

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

13. Of what nation was this centurion? A Roman.

14. What were people of foreign nations styled by the Jews? Gentiles.

15. What may we infer from the words of the elders, "He loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue"? That the centurion was a proselyte.

16. What was a proselyte? One who was not a Jew by birth, but who embraced the Jewish religion—some proselytes observing part, and others all, of the Jewish law.

17. What were these two kinds of proselytes called? Proselytes of the gate, and proselytes of righteousness.

18. What does the expression often met with in Scripture, "the stranger that is within thy gates," mean? It means those proselytes who worshipped the true God, but were not obliged to keep all the ceremonial law of the Jews.

19. When proselytes of righteousness were admitted to the Jewish Church, what ceremony was used? They were baptized.

THE COLLECT.

Almighty and everlasting God, who dost govern all things in heaven and earth, mercifully hear the supplications of Thy people, and grant us Thy peace all the days of our life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE CATECHISM.

Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt do no murder.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

He Heals the Helpless Man at the Pool.

Text to be Learned: HIMSELF TOOK OUR INFIRMITIES AND BARE OUR SICKNESSES. —St. Matt. viii. 17.

THE LESSON—St. John v. 1–14.

1. After this there was a feast of the Jews; and Jesus went up to Jerusalem.
2. Now there is at Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue, Bethesda, having five porches.
3. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water.
4. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had.
5. And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years.
6. When Jesus saw him lie, and knew that he had been now a long time in that case, he saith unto him, Wilt thou be made whole?
7. The impotent man answered him, Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool: but while I am coming, another steppeth down before me.
8. Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk.
9. And immediately the man was made whole, and took up his bed, and walked: and on the same day was the Sabbath.
10. The Jews therefore said unto him that was cured, It is the Sabbath day: it is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed.
11. He answered them, He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk.
12. Then asked they him, What man is that which said unto thee, Take up thy bed, and walk?
13. And he that was healed wist not who it was: for Jesus had conveyed himself away, a multitude being in that place.
14. Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple, and saith unto him, Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.

Our Lord went up to Jerusalem to attend the second Passover, which occurred during His ministry. In that city, near the gate where the sheep used for sacrifice were brought, was a pool called Bethesda, which

means a house of mercy, probably because here was a place of shelter for those who came to be healed. This pool was not a mere spring whose waters were beneficial to the diseased. Its healing properties were miraculous. For at certain times only was it efficacious, and that when its waters were disturbed, and even then the cure was wrought not upon all, but upon the one who came first. It is not necessary to suppose that an angel visibly descended to impart the healing power; the heavenly messenger was no doubt unseen.

A number of persons afflicted with various maladies, were under these five porches by which the pool was encompassed, waiting for the moving of the waters. Among the afflicted was one who had suffered from an infirmity for thirty-eight years, and had long waited for a healing, but in vain; for whenever the miraculous efficacy was imparted to the waters, some person would step before him, and secure the benefit. Our Lord, seeing his helpless condition, said "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." The invalid immediately took up the couch on which he had laid so long, and went his way.

This was on the Sabbath day, when the carrying of burdens was forbidden. The Jews, therefore, charged the man who was healed with a violation of the Sabbath. His reply was that the same Person who made him whole, had directed him to take up his bed and walk. "The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath." The healed person rightly concluded that He who had such power from God as to cure a thirty-eight years' disease by a word, must needs come from God: "for no man can do these miracles, except God be with him." "Then asked they him," not who made thee whole? but "What Man is that which said unto thee 'Take up thy bed and walk'?"—not Who is so powerful with God? but Who broke the law? But He who wrought the miracle had conveyed Himself quickly and silently away. The man, as a grateful person should do, went to the Temple. There his Restorer found him, and with the saying "Sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto thee," showed that He knew the secret of his past life, and the sin which had brought the punishment of so long a disease upon him.

Several passages in this Gospel show that it was not written among the Jews, nor primarily for the instruction of the people of that nation. St. John speaks of "the Passover, a feast of the Jews." He says that when our Lord would go from Judea into Galilee, He must needs pass through Samaria. Here he informs people not acquainted with the Holy City, that "There is in Jerusalem by the sheep market a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches." Bethesda is now a dry reservoir of 360 by 130 feet, and 70 feet deep. But two or three of the porches remain.

QUESTIONS.

1. What feast of the Jews is referred to in the first verse? Probably the Passover.

2. What was there in Jerusalem by the sheep market? "A pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches."

3. What does the word "impotent" mean? Without strength.

4. Why were the impotent folk lying in these porches? They were "waiting for the moving of the water."

5. Why did they thus wait? Verse 4.

6. Among others, who is particularly mentioned as being there? Verse 5.

7. What did Jesus say to him? "Wilt thou be made whole?"

8. What did the man reply? Verse 7.

9. What did our Lord tell him to do? Verse 8.

10. Did the man do as he was required? Yes.

11. On what day was this? The Sabbath.

12. What did the Jews say to him? "It is not lawful for thee to carry thy bed."

13. What reason did the man give for carrying his bed? Because the Person who healed him directed him to do so.

14. Was this a sufficient reason? Yes, because no man who could do such miracles would require any person to do what was unlawful.

15. Did the man know Who healed him? No: "for Jesus had conveyed Himself away."

16. Where did the man go after he was healed? To the Temple.

17. What did Jesus say to him there? "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee."

18. What may we learn from this? That God punishes us to bring us to repentance and amendment of life; and if we do not repent and amend, we have reason to fear that a worse punishment will come upon us.

ADDITIONAL FOR THE OLDER SCHOLARS.

19. What does Bethesda mean? House of mercy or house of rest.

20. What is the office of an angel? To execute the messages of Almighty God.

21. It is not said that the angel appeared visibly at the pool. May not angels be invisibly present, and yet powerful? Yes, for they are sent forth "to minister unto them which shall be heirs of salvation." And "The angel of the Lord encampeth about them that fear him." And when the children of Israel went out of Egypt, the angel of the Lord, though invisible, went before them.

22. Where is the carrying of burdens on the Sabbath day forbidden? Neh. xiii. 19; Jer. xvii. 21, 22.

23. How could Jesus, then, require the man to do what the law had forbidden? Because "The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath."

24. Why is it probable that the malady of the impotent man was a punishment for his sins? Because the Lord said "Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee."

THE COLLECT.

O Lord, we beseech Thee favorably to hear the prayers of Thy people, that we, who are justly punished for our offences, may be mercifully delivered by Thy goodness, for the glory of Thy Name, through Jesus Christ our Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

THE CATECHISM.

Review the last three lessons.